April 11, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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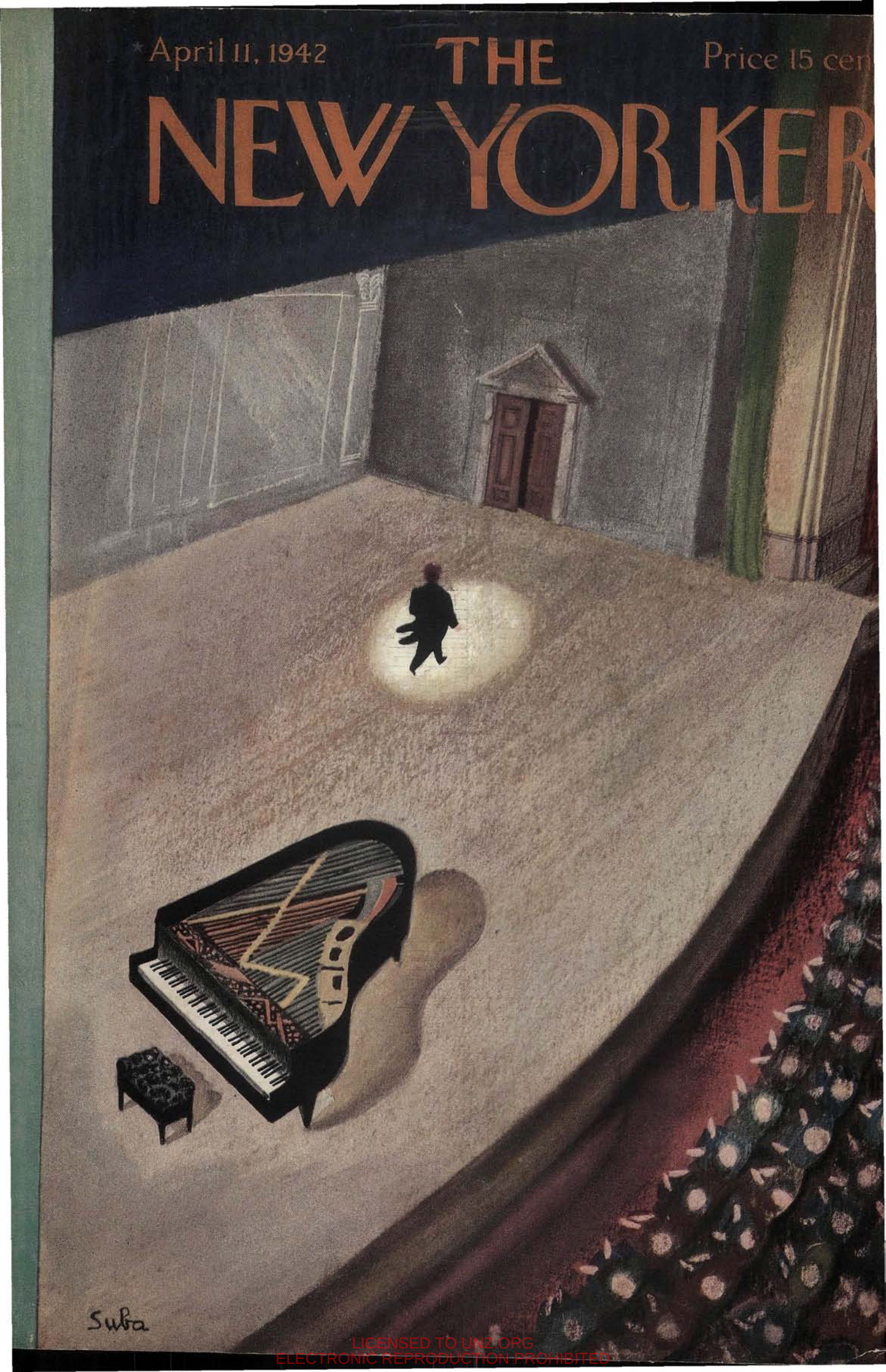

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our camellia-pink satin dinner jacket, pearl-beaded
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Original, ready to put on

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

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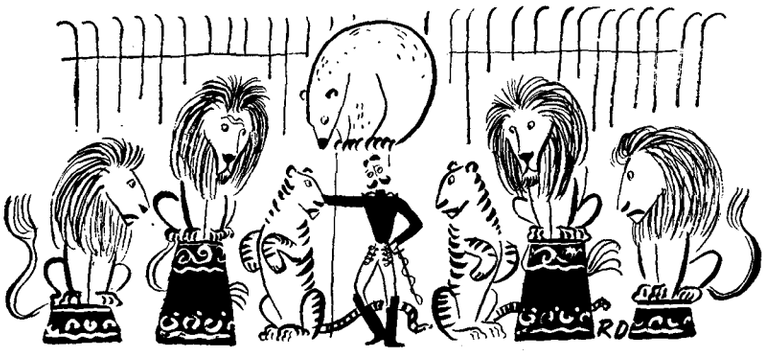
GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities in this comedy dealing with a famous restaurant and the Yiddish Art Theatre. The humor, though, is somewhat special for the general public. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Guest in the House—Mary Anderson, Leon Ames, and Louise Campbell in a rather exciting play about a young woman who doesn't know her own strength. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Jason—A highly implausible but fairly entertaining play about a peculiar dramatic critic. Lee J. Cobb has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates a playwright who might be Saroyan. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Johnny 2 x 4—A speakeasy melodrama firmly recommended to all old lawbreakers. A cast of sixty-five includes Jack Arthur, Barry Sullivan, Evelyn Wyckoff, and the Yacht Club Boys. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls, and the adult cast includes Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Nathan the Wise—Gotthold Lessing's famous plea for tolerance, in a translation by Ferdinand Bruckner. Eloquent enough, but probably a little too static and old-fashioned for the Broadway theatre. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., April 9 and 13, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Spring Again—A modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. Grace George's gentle, eloquent acting is a great help. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

(Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Moon Is Down—John Steinbeck's dramatization of his novel of the same name, with Otto Kruger and Ralph Morgan. Staged by Chester Erskin and produced by Oscar Serlin. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." Lionel Stander and the De Marcos are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Best Foot Forward—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being quite exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., April 9-10, at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Of V We Sing—A topical revue with a lot of nice children but not quite enough talent. (Concert, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat. and Sun.)

Porgy and Bess—Cheryl Crawford's superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Priorities of 1942—If you liked the old Palace, you should admire this vaudeville show, which includes everything except the trained seals. On the current bill are Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Hazel Scott, and Paul Draper. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. Strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Autumn Hill—A play by Norma Mitchell and John Harris, with Beth Merrill and Dorrit Kelton. Produced by Max Liebman. Opens Mon., April 13. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Yesterday's Magic—Paul Muni and Jessica Tandy in a play by Emlyn Williams. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tues., April 14. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Blue Hill Troupe's annual production will be "The Pirates of Penzance": Wed. through Fri. Eves., April 15-17, at 8:45. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore": Thurs. through Sat. Eves., April 9-11 and 16-18, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—"Gratefully Yours," a revue acted and in part written by British children; a benefit for the American Theatre Wing and the British and American Ambulance Corps: Sun. Eve., April 12, at 8:40. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Winnie-the-Pooh": Sat. Aft., April 11, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Presenting "Swan Lake," "Russian Soldier," and "Naughty Lisette," Thurs. Aft., April 9; "Russian Soldier" and "Bluebeard" (a Russian War Relief program which includes appearances by Marian Anderson, Mischa Elman, and Jan Peerce), Thurs. Eve., April 9; "Giselle," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Princess Aurora," Fri. Eve., April 10; "Slavonika," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., April 11; "Slavonika," "Pillar of Fire," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Eve., April 11; "Princess Aurora," "Russian Soldier," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., April 12, final performance of the season. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Presenting "Saratoga," "Labyrinth," and "Gaité Parisienne," Mon. Eve., April 13; "Serenade," "St. Francis," and "The Nutcracker," Tues. Eve., April 14; "Schéhérazade," "Seventh Symphony," and "Prince Igor," Wed. Eve., April 15; "The Magic Swan," "Rouge et Noir," and "Gaité Parisienne."

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 8, April 11, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $5.00; Pan-America and Spain, $5.50; Canada, $6.00; Other Foreign, $7.00.

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The Wests discover their own backyard!

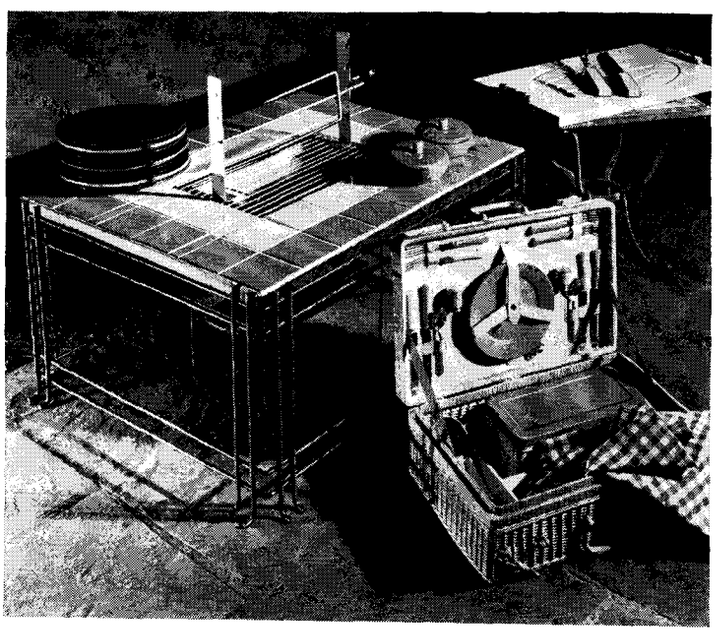
For a table under the trees, the Wests...and lots of others...would drive fifty miles last year. This Summer, roll out the barbecue business into your own backyard...and serve steak, crisscrossed in bronze with the bone black as sin, that has poulet á la campagne licked to a standstill.

Sloane has equipment for barbecues big and little. Grills, benches, tables, accessories...unafraid of hard wear...that make outdoor eating easy on everyone. It's part of our Stay Home and Like It furniture planned to take care of hobbies so decoratively even whittlers will be allowed in the living room.

W & J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

WASHINGTON, D. C.: *Connecticut Ave.* SAN FRANCISCO: *Sutter near Grant*
BEVERLY HILLS: *Wilshire at Rodeo* WHITE PLAINS: *East Post Road*



Tile table grill, complete with spit, $55. Covered pottery soup dishes, $1.35 each. Wood platter tray, $10.50. Wood-handled carving set, $20. Hamper fitted with the works for four, $18.50 complete.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thurs. Eve., April 16; "Labyrinth." "Schéhérazade," and "Gaité Parisienne," Fri. Eve., April 17; "The Nutcracker," "Spectre de la Rose," and "The New Yorker," Sat. Aft., April 18; "The Magic Swan," "St. Francis," and "Beau Danube," Sat. Eve., April 18. (*Metropolitan Opera House.* PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN—Appearing with their company: Sun. Aft., April 12, at 3:30. (*Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92.* AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande and his orchestra are playing for dancing in the Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (*MU 9-7920*)—There's a brief but charming ice show in the Bowman Room, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins. Enric Madriguera's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical place, with palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Songs by Carol Bruce and music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, offers songs by Yvonne Bouvier and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—You'll find Russell Swann, *the magician, in the perennial* Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Eleanor French, Billy de Wolfe, and Helen Tamiris head the show in *this lofty lookout.* Leo Reisman's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra continues to play for dancing in the Iridium Room.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Café Lounge, with Bob Grant's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul Draper dances inimitably in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour and Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's orchestra are there throughout the evening. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): unusually quiet, and the show, headed by Maxine Sullivan, *is unusual too.* . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs, and there are other performers as well. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the candlelight are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with George Morris's orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (*ME 3-1000*): *Woody Herman's* orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with, among other entertainers, Pilar Lopez, the dancer. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell *in a Billy Rose show that's been going* for over a year.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, *where most of the Village goes to hear* Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell and a number of other fanatics play in this downtown hangout every night except Mon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

ABSTRACTIONISTS—A compact but extremely well-selected collection, covering the main figures of the movement both here and abroad, from Marcel Duchamp to our own Stuart Davis: New Art Center, 715 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

AMERICANS—Paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists, from the collection of Harry Stone: American Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

BENTON AND HIRSCH—The first shows a set of new paintings inspired by the war (through Sat., April 25), the second some brilliantly characterized city-genre studies (through Mon., April 13): Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BLATAS—An exhibition of landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes, Expressionist in style: French Art, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., *April 11.*

BOUCHÉ AND ROBINSON—New oils, warm and airy as usual, by Bouché (through Sat., April 18); Robinson, a master of black-and-white, shows a set of his drawings (through Sat., April 11): Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

BRAQUE—Oils from the early nineteen-twenties to the middle nineteen-thirties by this most sensitive of the Cubists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 25.

DE BOTTON—Graceful little oils, slightly Persian in suggestion, that range from Mexico to the Court of St. James: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 11.

DI CHIRICO—Décors and costume designs for a Greek ballet. Slight, but interesting as examples of what the unwilling founder of surrealism is now doing: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 25.

ERNST—This leading European surrealist shows intricately allusive oils in his first one-man exhibition here in years: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

FLANNAGAN—First memorial show of works, mostly of small sculptures, by an artist who always showed fine feeling: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 11.

GROPPER—A considerable advance in painting skill makes this new show of oils his liveliest and best; a Russian War Relief benefit: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

GROUPS—At the **DEMOTTE,** 39 E. 51: an impressive list of paintings and sculptures, ranging from Bellini to Picasso and Despiau, lent by an equally impressive array of stage, screen, and radio people; a war-relief benefit. Wed. and Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: spring showing of new paintings by Karfiol, *Kuniyoshi,* Sheeler, and other artists associated with this gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 2.

INDEPENDENTS—The annual juryless jamboree of Sunday painters and eccentrics, with, occasionally, undiscovered excellence: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 28.

KELLY—Drawings, somewhere between seventeenth-century baroque and modern surrealism in spirit, in a first one-man show of more than usual interest: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

MARIN—Abandoning Maine for the moment, this artist turns his attention to the city, the circus, and other phenomena: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 11.

MATTA—One of the youngest and most violently individualistic of the Paris surrealists in his first one-man showing here: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

MENKES—A number of extremely well-designed still-lifes, *among other things, by an artist whose debt* to Cézanne is acknowledged with subtlety and tact: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 25.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Some special exhibits: the Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time, and the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples, ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (both through April 30); stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Large, beautifully selected exhibition of paintings by Henri Rousseau, *douanier* (through May 3); also, abstract art by various European and American masters, partly loans and partly from the museum's permanent collection (through May 29). In the Young People's Gallery, paintings and sculptures, the work of modern artists and selected for their appeal to children (through April 26). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The hundred-and-sixteenth annual exhibition of *paintings and sculptures. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.;* through May 16.

PORTRAITS—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and Nathaniel Dance: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

RENOIR—An exhibition of his paintings, from 1900 on; a benefit for the Children's Aid Society: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 25.

SANTO—Small, delicately naïve water colors, mostly of landscapes and flowers: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Selected sculptures by contemporary Americans and paintings from the museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

HERE AND THERE—At the **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Boudin, Pissarro, Lamotte, and other French and American artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 11. . . . **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: memorial exhibition of paintings by the American primitive Bertha Trabich. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Chris Ritter. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 24. . . . **BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern P'kway: twenty-sixth annual exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through April 19. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by Waldo Peirce. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: paintings and drawings by Peggy Worthington. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: recent water colors by Julius Delbos. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **STERNER,** 9 E. 57: paintings by Harold Sterner. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: paintings by Alfred Pellan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 25. . . . **ZBOROWSKI,** 61 E. 57: pen and pencil drawings by Max Jimenez. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through *May 2.* . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: recent water colors by John Whorf. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 25. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: the Coverdale collection of Canadian paintings, water colors, and prints; a benefit for the Maple Leaf Fund. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: recent paintings, water colors, and drawings by John

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carroll. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Barbirolli conducting, Thurs. Eve., April 9, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 10, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., April 12, at 3. Walter conducting, Thurs. Eve., April 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 17, at 2:30. . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., April 18, at 11.

JAZZ CONCERT—Fourth of a series, under the direction of Eddie Condon, with, among others, Billie Holiday, Cootie Williams, Dave Tough, and Zutty Singleton: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., April 11, at 5:30.

ORCHESTRETTE OF NEW YORK—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., April 13, at 8:30.

CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Klemperer conducting; soloists, Elisabeth Schumann and Sondra Bianca: Concert Theatre, 202 W. 58 (CI 6-3853), Mon. Eve., April 13, at 8:45.

DOWNTOWN GLEE CLUB—Mead conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., April 15, at 8:30.

BUSCH CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS—Final concert of the series, with Busch and Serkin as soloists: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., April 15, at 8:45.

LEHMAN ENGEL SINGERS—Engel conducting; Russian War Relief benefit: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 16, at 8:45.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE CHAMBER MUSIC HALL—Mozart String Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eve., April 16, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Galimir Quartet, Sun. Eve., April 12, at 8:30; Belgian Piano String Quartet, Tues. Aft., April 14, at 3.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY—League of Composers concert of American music, Sun. Aft., April 12, at 3. (5 Ave. at 42. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.)

NEW YORK TIMES HALL—Jacques de Menasce and Louis Krasner, Mon. Eve., April 13, at 8:30 (for tickets, call LA 4-1000, Ext. 362); William Gephart, Harry Cykman, and Bertha Melnik, a benefit for men in the services and music students, Tues. Eve., April 14, at 5:30 (for tickets, call PL 5-6889): 44th St., W. of B'way.

OPERA

SALMAGGI COMPANY—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thurs. Eve., April 9; "Faust," Fri. Eve., April 10; "Aida," Sat. Eve., April 11; at 8:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Yankees (exhibition games), Fri. Aft., April 10, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 11, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., April 17, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 18, at 2:30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Dodgers (exhibition game), Sun. Aft., April 12, at 2:30; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., April 17, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 18, at 2:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., April 14-16, at 3.

CREW—Sat. Aft., April 18—Columbia-Rutgers, Harlem River: junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Princeton-Navy, Princeton: junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30.

HORSE SHOWS—Wall Street Riding Club, at the Riding and Polo Club, 7 W. 66, Sat., April 11, at 12:30 and 7:30 P.M. . . . Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., April 18, at 2 and 8 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., Sat., April 11, at 2:30 P.M. . . . My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, Monkton, Md., Sat., April 11, at 4 P.M. . . . Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md., Sat., April 18, at 4 P.M.

RACING—The local season opens at Jamaica, Thurs., April 9; races weekdays at 2 P.M.; through May 9. (Paumonok Handicap, April 9; Experimental Free Handicap, April 11; Excelsior Handicap, April 18.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sats. and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.

SKEET—Intercollegiate championships, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn., Sat., April 18, at 10 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

THE CIRCUS—The Ringling show again, with Norman Bel Geddes trappings and Stravinsky music: Madison Square Garden. Benefit opening performance Thurs. Eve., April 9, at 8:15, for the Army and Navy Relief Societies. Performances thereafter, daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through May 10.

WOMEN'S PARADE—About ten thousand members of the Red Cross, the A.W.V.S., and other first-aid and defense units, some with motorized displays,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

will march down 5 Ave., from 86th St. to 62nd St., starting at 2 P.M. on Sat., April 11.

PHOTOGRAPHY—The Press Photographers' annual exhibition of noteworthy camera shots of the year, reminiscent and craftsmanlike, as usual: Museum of Science and Industry. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sun., April 12.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—The new North American Mammal Hall, with a comprehensive display of wild animals in their natural environments, has just been opened: Central Pk. W. at 77. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1873: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

BENEFITS—The Tip Top Ball, for the Stony Wold Sanatorium: Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71, Sat. Eve., April 11, at 10. . . . Twenty-eighth annual Yorkville dinner dance: Hotel Plaza, Tues. Eve., April 14, at 9. . . . Red, White, and Blue Ball, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., April 17, at 10. . . . A concert, with Alexander Kipnis and the Philharmonic-Symphony Trio, followed by a ball, for Russian War Relief: Hotel Commodore, Fri. Eve., April 17, at 8:45.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Aft., April 12, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Tues. Eve., April 14, at 9:30, WJZ.

SPORTS: Dodgers vs. Yankees, exhibition games; Fri. and Sun. Afts., April 10 and 12, at 2:55, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; John Gunther, Thurs., Sat., Sun., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—The angling library, including a collection of rare editions of "The Compleat Angler," owned by the late Dean Sage: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., April 9-10, at 2. . . . Properties from the late James Speyer's estate: English, European, and American paintings, eighteenth-century French furniture, and Aubusson tapestries, Fri. Eve., April 10, at 8:15, and Sat. Aft., April 11, at 2; also, French furniture, tapestries, and household furnishings (to be sold at the Speyer town house, 1058 5 Ave., at 87; for admission cards, call PL 3-7573), Tues. Morn. and Aft., April 14, at 10 and 1:45, and Wed. Morn., April 15, at 10.

PLAZA ART GALLERIES, 9 E. 59—Precious-stone jewelry, paintings, porcelains, and objects of art, donated by their owners; a benefit for men in the services: Thurs. Aft., April 16, at 2.

NOTE—State income-tax returns must be mailed in time to be postmarked before midnight, Wed., April 15.

MOTION PICTURES

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS—James Cagney, excellent stunt flying and color photography, and a thread-like plot. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., April 9.)

DUMBO—Charming, and nice for the young people, and altogether unassuming, this Disney feature-length film is all about a baby elephant who learns to fly with his great big ears. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., April 9.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—Life among the Welsh miners, with a persuasive quality of authenticity. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon are the most concerned. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 9.)

THE INVADERS—A somewhat fanciful tale of half a dozen Nazis and how they invaded Canada and what happened to them. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., April 15.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—Campus problems, always intense during the football season, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. A clever adaptation of the Thurber-Nugent comedy. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., April 9.)

REAP THE WILD WIND—The Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties as Cecil B. De Mille tells us they were, with Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. Some thrills and lots of Technicolor. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

SON OF FURY—Old-fashioned fiery adventure, with such young faces as Gene Tierney's and Tyrone Power's often in evidence. It has its moments of excitement. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 11. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., April 11-13. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., April 11-14. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., April 14-15.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS—An indifferent Preston Sturges picture, which still means a pretty good picture. Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., April 14-15. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., April 14-18. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., April 15-17.)

SUSPICION—Somewhat of a toning-down of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," but near enough to the original to set mystery readers agog. With Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, and other experts, all slickly directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., April 10-13.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Who knows, you may very well like this comedy of a career woman who is too busy to think of home and babies until, etc., etc. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs., April 9. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sat. through Wed., April 11-15. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Fri., April 11-17.)

REVIVALS

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., April 11-14.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., April 14-17.)

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS (1938)—Children and their feuds. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 10.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 10.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., April 11-14.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., April 14-16.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 10.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Fri. through Wed., April 10-15.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Thurs., April 10-16. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., April 11-15. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 12-13.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 14-15.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., April 9.)

SUSAN AND GOD (1940)—Joan Crawford as Rachel Crothers' upper-crust lady who gets religion. With Fredric March. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 10.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS., APRIL 9**: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), Rudolph Valentino. **FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 10-11**: "The Three Musketeers" (1921), Douglas Fairbanks. **SUN. AND MON., APRIL 12-13**: "Foolish Wives" (1922), Mae Busch, Erich von Stroheim. **TUES. AND WED., APRIL 14-15**: "Robin Hood" (1922), Douglas Fairbanks. **THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 16-17**: "Nanook of the North" (1922), Robert Flaherty documentary film. **SAT., APRIL 18**: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock, Jr." (1924), Buster Keaton.

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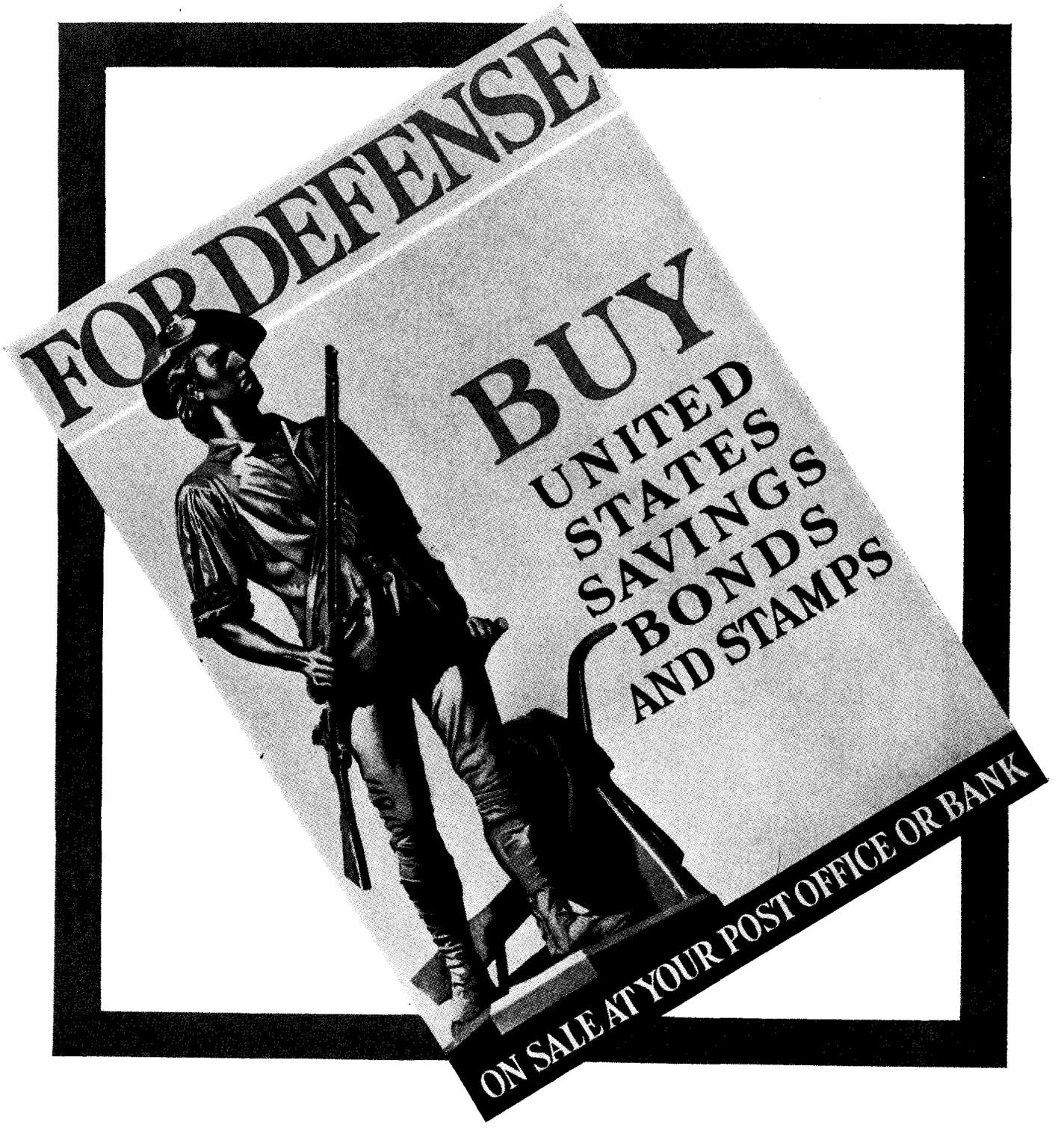

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH this issue we welcome back among our readers a pious lady of Riverdale who gave us up for Lent. Modesty prevents our trying to gauge the exact extent of such a sacrifice, but we would guess that for the average subscriber it ranks somewhere between doing without desserts and wearing sackcloth. At any rate, we did our damnedest to fill the six Lenten issues with all sorts of enticing worldliness, the more to enlarge the measure of the lady's self-control, and hence of her piety. Our post-Lenten thought is that the useful demons who tempt the saintly get precious little thanks.

WE spent a good part of last week reading the new *Who's Who*, a feat requiring considerable strength and

persistence. In many ways, it is our favorite book, though, like "The Magic Mountain," there is a good deal of it we don't quite understand. The theory seems simple enough. There are two kinds of people who get in *Who's Who* —"those who are selected because of special prominence in creditable lines of effort" and "those who are included arbitrarily on account of official position;" i.e., congressmen, bishops, generals, and such. We can grasp that all right, though regretting the cynicism which implies that members of the second class do not necessarily belong to the first. When we arrive at the listings themselves, however—the thirty thousand-odd men and women who have been tapped for posterity—we find things getting a little obscure.

The problem of the comparative amount of space devoted to the various subjects, of course, is an old one and has been adequately explained by the fact that each item is really an autobiography, only mildly edited by the management. It is interesting to note this year, for instance, that of the several Roosevelts listed, the President of the United States takes up thirty-five lines; his son James, thirty-four; and Theodore, Jr., forty-nine; while in the arts Ernest Hemingway is discussed in thirteen, as compared with thirty-nine for Kathleen Norris and forty-one for the late Albert Payson Terhune. These are pleasant facts, but not really mysterious.

What really fascinates us is the selection of material made by the exhibits themselves—great events dismissed in a parenthesis, absurdities expanded to half a column. Here are three men, each of whom has had four wives. What strange sense of obligation to the future historian compels them to list every one of these domestic mishaps, what curious pride? Here is Mickey Rooney. What cautious impulse leads him, of all the males we can find, to conceal the date of his birth? Here is Guy Lombardo, who contributes what is certainly an editorial opinion of himself to a book of facts—"Accorded recognition since 1930 by radio editors of U. S. and Can. as outstanding orchestra leader," and here, on the other hand, is William Saroyan, who confines himself austerely to the titles of his works. Here, finally, are all those whose names are marked with an asterisk, meaning that they have ignored requests from *Who's Who* for facts about themselves. What about them? Indifference? Modesty? Or the fiercest vanity of all?

Altogether, as we say, it's a great book, full of valuable information but richer still in its perpetual challenge to the inquiring mind.

STILL preoccupied with our thoughts about those who fill out questionnaires, we turned from *Who's Who* to the industrial-fitness quiz about to be mailed to registrants in the third draft, a group including us. Somewhere in the middle of this complex document, we came upon what seems to us one of the most ill-advised queries we've ever seen. "Job for Which You Are Best Fitted?" asks the government briskly, and then adds in smaller type, "Is this job the same as your present job?" Most men, as someone has said, lead lives of quiet desperation. Generally speaking, however, not only are their lives quiet but the victims may even confuse their desperation with a sort of dim contentment. The Army, in our opinion, is going out of its way to look for trouble—stirring up God knows what half-forgotten dreams, rekindling the embers of rebellions long since nearly dead. We don't know how most men are going to feel about this ruthless awakening of the past, but it left us sad and resentful. The job for which we are best fitted, we would like to

inform our draft board, is playing juvenile leads opposite Miss Katharine Hepburn. It bears no resemblance whatever to our present employment. Further, gentlemen, how would you like to go to hell?

AFTER ten days of sincere effort, we are forced to admit that we couldn't make head or tail out of Milton Mayer's article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, but we take it that a magazine which prints an inconclusive article under the title of "The Case Against the Jews" can fairly be accused of a snide form of anti-Semitism. However, we are here to urge tolerance toward Jew and magazine alike—in this instance, a little more, possibly, for the magazine,

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which, as we write, is going through the agonies of raising its price from a nickel to a dime and should not really be held responsible for everything it does. One thing is certain: the *Post's* action marks the end of anti-Semitism as an active force in this country. We don't know why, and nobody else we've talked to knows why, but it's a fact that lately every time the *Post* espouses a cause, that cause becomes both dead and absurd, like a stuffed moose. Rugged Individualism, the Right to Work, America First, and Alf M. Landon will please move over and make room for the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

Analysis

THIS happened some time ago, and in another city, so it's no use trying to fill in names. Seems that two famous psychiatrists had come to town for a conference of physicians and were staying at the home of a doctor whom they had known in medical-school days. One of them was having a cocktail with his hostess when the other tottered in with the announcement that he had a terrible headache and would like to lie down before dinner. After he had gone upstairs, the other psychiatrist said, confidentially, "Don't worry about him. He's always like this when he's been showing off. You see, he made himself conspicuous at the meeting today, and his guilt reaction has taken the form of a headache." The hostess nevertheless went upstairs and peeked into the darkened room of the ailing psychiatrist to ask if he needed aspirin or a cold cloth. "No, no, I'm all right," he said with a brave smile. "You go down and talk to *him*. He's so terribly in need of wholesome diversion. Though I must say," he added, "the poor chap's been acting more normal lately than I've seen him in years."

Allies in Greasepaint

THE dearth of good plays on Broadway, which has driven Brooks Atkinson to writing at length about little-theatre-group offerings, reminded us that we hadn't been to a Chinese theatre in a long time. The Chinese dramatic situation is less tense than our own, we found, and hasn't been affected by the momentous current events beyond a revival of interest in the old-time plays dealing with Chinese war heroes. Down at 75 East Broadway, almost under the Manhattan Bridge, the lights of the New Canton Theatre were twinkling cheerfully and inside several hundred Chinese, predominantly male, were, as of old, glumly ignoring the play and acting as if they'd just as soon not be there at all, like George Jean Nathan at an opening. The house lights were on, as usual, and many in the audience were reading copies of the *Chinese Nationalist Daily*. These were being sold by hawkers, who strode up and down the aisles and also offered the patrons tangerines, litchi nuts, sunflower seeds, and pieces of sugar cane. There were a few children present, mostly leaning against the stage apron and staring beadily at the actors. We noticed only one concession to the American theatrical tradition—a battery of six microphones strategically placed to pick up the words of the actors and the musical accompaniment, which was supplied by a six-piece orchestra at stage right.

The actors were as imperturbably occupied with the play as the audience was with its newspapers and refreshments. A pretty girl in a wonderful violet costume was telling what was evidently a long tale of woe to a young man in a red costume, while an old man with a beard listened in, stroking the beard. Presently we were joined by a pleasant Chinese gentleman who introduced himself as Sid Sin Wing, the house manager. Apparently he felt that, as the only Occidental present, we were entitled to an explanation. The play, he said, was called "Lu Ying Hung," which might be translated "The Girl Is the Hero." Mr. Sid thus summarized the plot: "This war lord, in Shantung, thousand years ago, sees a girl. He kill all her enemy. She marry him." Then he added, somewhat apologetically, "I don't know story exactly, but actors do. They rehearse six years." This company, which has played such far-flung places as Vancouver and Toronto, is now in the twenty-eighth month of its current stand, running through its repertoire with a change of bill every night. They're up in more than a hundred Chinese historical dramas, comedies, and romances, all of them by authors whose very names are lost in the mists of antiquity. The property man was as omnipresent as of yore, as omnipresent as the property man in "The Yellow Jacket." This one was a fellow in a gray zipper sweater, impassive as he brought on a chair whenever an actor wished to sit down and rest, and put a pillow under the head of the wounded hero as he sank to the floor. Mr. Sid informed us that he is not a member of the stagehands' union. For that matter, the actors are not Equity members, nor do the musicians belong to Local 802. The musicians get fifty dollars a month, the actors twenty-five to a hundred a week. At midnight, when the play had coasted to an incomprehensible finish, Mr. Sid took us backstage to meet the stars, Lee Chung Ball, one of China's leading male actors, and a young lady named Wong Shu Mui, who is married to another actor, Yip Fat Yu. With Mr. Sid's help as interpreter, we asked Miss Wong how she thought the war was going. Mr. Sid translated that she thought China could beat the Japs now we were in it. "But," he added, "she say she hope to God you hurry up."

Definition

AN earnest matron who volunteered to correct examination papers for one of the ladies' civilian-defense outfits gave every single student a flat zero on the answer to the question "What is a tourniquet?" It turned out, upon investigation, that her idea of the correct answer was "A tourniquet is a dangerous weapon." She had derived this notion from the official Red Cross instruction manual but had neglected to read the entire sentence, which runs, "A tourniquet is a dangerous weapon when used improperly, or in the hands of an unskilled person."

Water

CONSERVING water is for us New Yorkers quite as vital a wartime measure as conserving food and clothing. With many local factories running on three shifts, and with the air-conditioning season approaching, there's go-

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ing to be a heavy drain on our water supply, and the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity has started a publicity campaign urging economy; maybe you've seen the posters around. We checked up on the water situation with Commissioner Quilty of the Department of Water Supply, etc., and he told us that we have in storage only about two-thirds of our reservoir system's capacity, or a hundred and seventy-five billion gallons. Last month's rain didn't solve the problem. We innocently made some remark implying that there must now be plenty of water, and the Commissioner told us, somewhat testily, "The reason we're short of water is that last year's rainfall was ten inches below normal. We're feeling it this year." It seems that the ten-inch decrease meant a loss of enough water to supply the city for one hundred days, and that such a shortage isn't easily made up. At this writing our water system contains a supply for two hundred days, but it could hold a three-hundred-day supply, and the Commissioner wishes it *did*. April showers, we gathered, won't bring much comfort to the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity.

There's no immediate likelihood that water will be rationed. The reason is that the only practical way to work it is to decrease the pressure at the source, and this might embarrass the Fire Department, hospitals, and factories which require full pressure. It will have to be done, of course, if our supply system is bombed. In fact, Commissioner Quilty has complete plans ready now which will enable us to get along temporarily with the contents of wells, cisterns, and local reservoirs in case our upstate supply lines should be cut off. It's only a barroom rumor that New York would be uninhabitable within a day if the Croton Aqueduct were blown up. Commissioner Q. is prepared to pull us through for three weeks, which should certainly be plenty of time to make full repairs. The emergency plans would probably call for low pressure and a compulsory shutoff in residences at night.

The city's theoretical emergency minimum daily water consumption is figured at three hundred million gallons. Normal consumption averages over eight hundred million, of which at least one hundred million represents sheer waste—leaky taps and the like. There are no municipal inspectors to spare for a house-to-house checkup, and all the Department can do is plead that each citizen should be a little man and keep his faucets in order and turn them off *hard*. Do this for yourselves if not for the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity.

"Spring must be here. I saw a vulture today."

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Unheard Of

A YOUNG sprig we know dropped in at one of the midtown haberdashery shops during his lunch hour, bought a couple of shirts, and had them charged to his account. He had scarcely got back to his office when there was a call from the credit manager of the shop, who informed him crisply that there had been gross irregularity in charging those shirts; to open a charge account, it was necessary to apply to the management,

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submit references, and wait for an investigation to be completed. Our young man said that he *had* done all this, long ago. "Well, we have no record of your having an account with us," the credit manager said, seeming to get (if that is possible for a credit manager) even more suspicious. The customer stuck to his story, saying that he did too have an account, and finally the credit manager said he'd recheck. He was back on the telephone in a few moments. "It's all right," he said brightly. "We never thought of looking under paid-up accounts."

Over the Short Waves

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING, in the person of Mr. Jack Gerber and his staff, is still listening to more or less all of the foreign-language short-wave broadcasts, transcribing them, mulling over them, and trying to extract the truth from enemy propaganda. Whatever nuggets of fact, alleged fact, or near fact turn up in a day's listening are sent along to the chain's news commentators and then to the newspapers. The stuff is picked up by antennae on Long Island and piped in to Mr. Gerber's office on Fifty-second Street. Every broadcast is transcribed on Ediphone records and is listened to at the same time by a translator who understands the tongue used. The listener makes a summary, and if the broadcast seems important enough, it is later typed out entire. In one evening with Gerber, a lad who will start shaving in a year or so, we heard from Berlin the persuasive voice of Fred Kaltenbach, the Iowa renegade, advising us to keep our troops at home; an anonymous Jap describing the natural beauties of Wake Island; a broadcast emanating from Ecuador, praising Paderewski and the Polish people in general; a Free French declaration from West Africa; a broadcast from Moscow, urging the people of Latvia to revolt; a speech from Rome about the villainies of American missionaries in China; and another speech in Italian accusing Sir Stafford Cripps and the Archbishop of Canterbury of Communistic leanings. It was, to put it mildly, quite a lot to take in at one time.

We had gone to Columbia with a question in mind: What is the Japanese propaganda policy? Gerber told us that the Japs are plainly getting their orders from Goebbels. In unison with the German and Italian radio and press, they played down the burning of the Normandie and played up the loss of civilian life in the recent bombings of Paris factories. The Japs have also adopted the German trick of baiting their news broadcasts with messages from prisoners. We heard a Jap who spoke faultless English—"Probably a U.C.L.A. graduate," Gerber remarked—delivering messages from four workmen captured at Wake Island. All of them, the Jap said, wanted their friends to know they were well fed and happy. Only one regular Tokio broadcast is aimed at our East Coast, a half-hour news period starting at 7 P.M., our time. The lucky residents of California, however, can tune in Japs twenty hours a day.

The Germans have a new and stupendous gag for their broadcasts aimed at the United States. They take our commercials and scramble them up with propaganda. Gerber got out a transcription of one and played it for us. It started with a woman's voice delivering a plug for Kellogg's Corn Flakes and Rice Krispies. "They are tempting and appetizing," she said, which was probably no more than the truth, "and come to you in Kellogg's exclusive wax-sealed carton direct from Battle Creek, Michigan." At this point she was interrupted by a man who identified himself as an agent of the F.B.I. and said she'd have to stop. "Is this a frame-up?" the woman asked. "Doesn't the F.B.I. want Americans to know they can get reliable information from Berlin?" So on and so on. The snapperoo was delivered by the lady: "Always remember, progressive Americans eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes and listen to both sides of the story." Gerber said that the Kellogg people are sore but can't do anything about it.

"I just don't seem to be able to make him understand why I don't give him sugar any more."

Middle Course

WAR or no war, the little problems keep bobbing up. There's the case of a rather precise Greenwich Village bachelor, a fellow with an exaggerated dread of sneak thieves. To ward them off, whenever he is away over-

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night he leaves every light in his apartment turned on. Summoned to Washington last weekend by a wartime exigency, he weighed his dread of thieves against the possibility that a blackout would be ordered during his absence. He arrived at a neat solution, we're glad to report. He turned the lights on and left the door on the latch, so the warden would be able to get in and turn them off.

The Guitar Hot

OUR mammy done told us that Eddie Condon, co-sponsor of the Saturday-afternoon Jazz Concerts at Town Hall and guitarist in the band that plays at said concerts, has never in his professional career taken a solo or even a solo break. Trudging down to West Fifteenth Street, where Eddie and his wife maintain an apartment with a dropped living room, we got our foot in the door and asked why this was. "Listen," Eddie said. "In this type of music, individual differentiation, though important, is not as important as a successful ensemble." Beaming with pride, he added, "I have been playing the guitar for fifteen years. For fifteen years people have been asking me why I don't play solos. I've spent fifteen years working up the answer, and it's now practically in final form." By that time we were in the dropped living room. Eddie is a slight fellow of medium height, who, we found, has a tendency to skitter about the room like a waterbug. By a natural operation of the law of compensation, the other co-sponsor, a jazz impresario named Ernest Anderson, is heavy-set and rather Woollcottian, even to the horn-rimmed glasses.

The idea for the present series of concerts came from Fats Waller. Last Christmas, at a party, he said to some of the young musicians, "You ought to give concerts in a high-tone hall." The rest is history. It took Eddie thirty-six years to achieve his Town Hall début. He was born in Goodland, Indiana ("You never heard of it," he told us), and raised in the nearby town of Momence ("My moments in Momence," he added, before we could stop him). Then his family moved him to Chicago Heights, just outside Chicago proper, and he completed his formal education by taking in the first year of high school. During this formative period he made his acquaintance with plucked-string instruments, graduating from the ukulele to the banjo and from the banjo to the guitar. "Still play the banjo?" we asked, and he replied, "The banjo went out with the mackinaw." While we were making a note on this, he added dogmatically, "My name is Albert Edwin Condon."

Eddie can play the piano, but only in the key of F. Once he played piano in a five-piece band on a liner, to Buenos Aires and back. "For fourteen thousand miles we played in the key of F," he told us. He has been kicking around New York since 1928 and figures that he's played with every jazz outfit of any consequence. Summing it all up, he said, "From the time Fifty-second Street was born, I have played in every saloon on it." He and his orchestra record for Commodore and are collected by *aficionados*. Eddie thinks the Jazz Concerts benefit audience and players alike, there being no eating, drinking, or dancing to interfere with one's enjoyment of the hot licks. His only disappointment has been the reaction of the music critics of the daily press. "We hoped to educate these fellows," he said sadly, "but when one of them called Hot Lips Page 'the sepia Laurence Olivier' we gave up the idea."

"You needn't hurry home, Mrs. Bronson. Bunny and I are playing a perfectly marvellous game."

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Full Settlement

THERE could have been hell to pay the other afternoon when an old lady got nosed over by a car making a right-hand turn off upper Madison Avenue, but there wasn't. She was up in a moment, and it was only after considerable pleading that the driver, a terrified young man, persuaded her to go with him into a neighboring drugstore and sit down. There he kept repeating "Can't I get something for you? Won't you take *something*?" until apparently it got on her nerves. "All right," she said tartly. "I'll take a chocolate soda."

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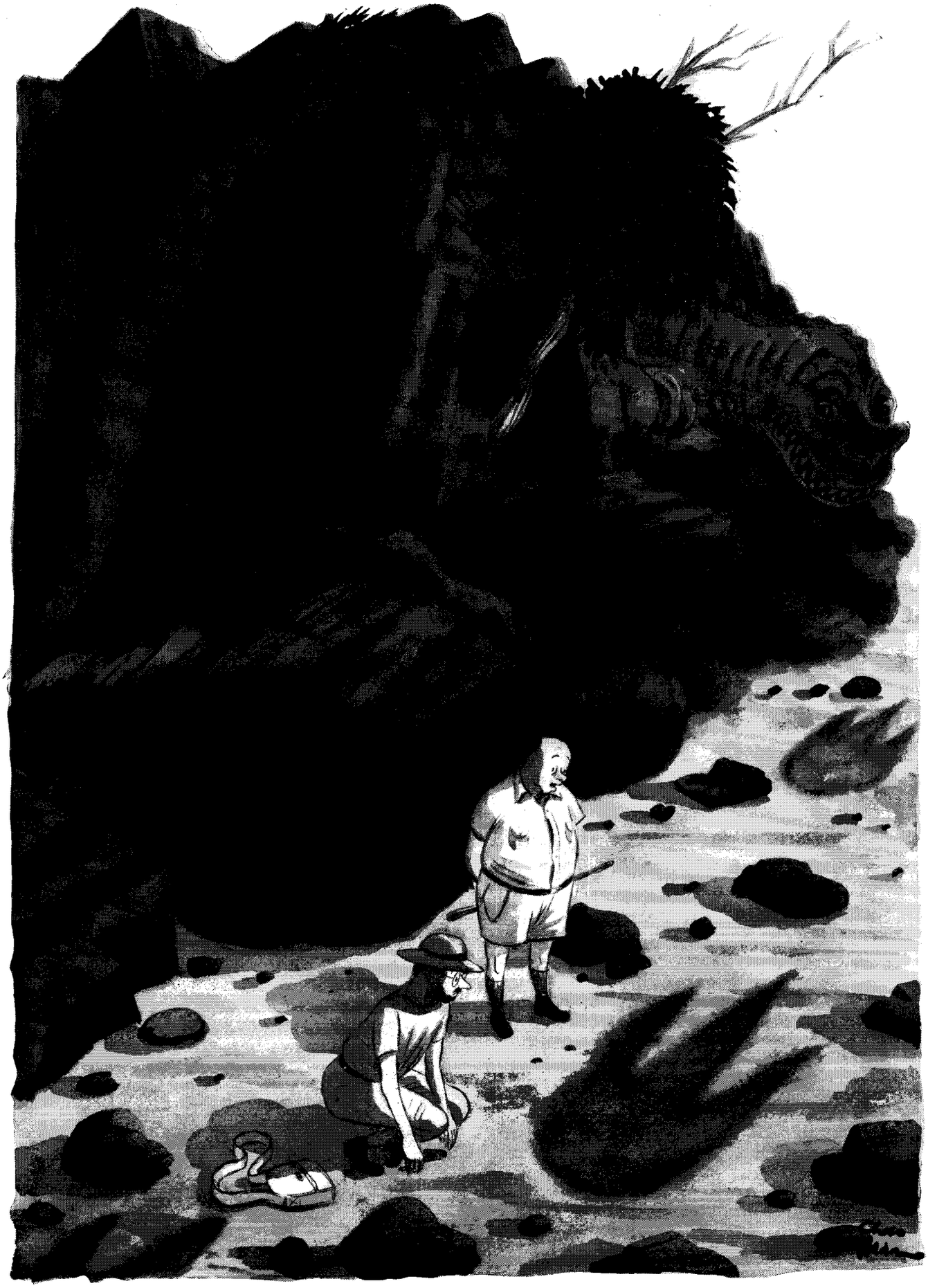

"Imagine it, Barclay! Here we stand, gazing down at tracks made ten million years ago."

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HELPFUL HINTS AND THE HOVEYS

NO sooner have I turned my back, a laborious and rather painful procedure for me nowadays, than some bright-eyed woman or other rises briskly from her escritoire with a brand-new list of nine or ten ways of preventing something or bringing something to pass. In a recent Sunday *Times*, Dr. Josephine Rathbone sets forth ten tricks (she calls them) which will help you to relax and go to sleep. Trick Number One goes like this:

> Cut down on the intensity of your thinking half an hour before retiring. (Play Chinese checkers, plan an excursion for the weekend, write a letter to a friend, think of pleasant things you have been doing.)

I lay awake for several hours one night pondering that suggestion. As I tossed and turned, I figured the effect that Trick No. 1 must have had on George Hovey, a nervous, middle-aged insomniac I know. I am sure George saw Dr. Rathbone's list—he never misses anything in the Sunday *Times*. I could see George and his wife Irma sitting in their living room at ten-thirty on the evening of the Sunday Dr. Rathbone's list of tricks appeared . . .

IRMA (*looking up from her mystery novel*): What are you doing now?

GEORGE (*who has not moved or said a word for ten minutes*): Hm? Oh. I am cutting down on the intensity of my thoughts.

IRMA: Well, do you have to look that way?

GEORGE: What way?

IRMA: As if you were crouched to spring.

GEORGE (*angrily, the intensity of his thoughts going way up*): Even if we had some Chinese checkers and I knew how to play, and so did you, I wouldn't play with you.

IRMA: I didn't say anything about playing any Chinese checkers. I—

GEORGE: Let it go, will you—I mean for the God sake!

IRMA: Now, don't start swearing at me. I can't say anything to you any more but what you flare up.

GEORGE: Shut up.

IRMA: You shut up.

GEORGE: You shut up, too.

IRMA: Shut up.

(*Irma goes back to her book, and George closes his eyes and tries to relax. Ten minutes go by.*)

IRMA: You're tightening up again. I can feel it.

GEORGE: I can't think of anything pleasant that's happened to me recently.

IRMA: Well, who can?

GEORGE: I'll either have to write to a friend or plan a weekend excursion.

IRMA: Don't be nasty. I don't care if you do. You haven't got any friends.

GEORGE: Is that so? All yours are ones you met through me.

IRMA: That's such a lie I won't even answer it. Are you trying to make me mad?

GEORGE (*shouting*): You said I didn't have any friends!

IRMA (*yelling*): I mean to write letters to! All your friends are in town. You see them every day.

GEORGE: I don't have to *send* the letter, do I?

(*Irma coldly refuses to answer this idiotic question and goes back to her book. Two minutes pass.*)

IRMA: Where do you think you're going, if I may ask?

GEORGE: Hm? I'm not going anywhere, except to bed—if you will let me cut down on the intensity of my thoughts.

IRMA: You have to stay in town every weekend and work.

GEORGE: I know that. Do you have to rub it in?

IRMA: You said you were going on a weekend excursion.

GEORGE: I said I was *planning* one.

IRMA (*yelling*): If you are planning a weekend excursion, you are going somewhere!

GEORGE (*rising and pacing the floor*): I am not. It's the way Josephine Rathbone gets to sleep.

IRMA: Oh, it is? Well, that's very interesting, I'm sure. And who is Josephine Radburn?

GEORGE: I never heard of her.

You can keep this going as long as you want to, but George has already fallen (or been pushed) into such a state that there will be no sleep for him this night. If you are interested in the good doctor's eight other rules, I'm afraid you'll have to look them up in the Sunday *Times*. The only one that may be said to have fascinated me is No. 7, which suggests that you go to bed "a little damp and chilly" from your bath. So much for Dr. Rathbone.

NOW we come to Helen Haberman and her list of nine ways to keep calm and thus avoid stomach disorders. This list was included in an article by Mrs. Haberman which appeared in a recent issue of *Cosmopolitan*. Let us, before we print the nine helpful hints, look in on the Hoveys again. It is a little past midnight and Irma sits in the living room glaring at George. The Hoveys have had six guests for dinner, all of whom have just left . . .

IRMA: Well, you certainly made a spectacle of *your*self tonight.

GEORGE: What did I do?

IRMA: What didn't you do? First you were dull, and you talked in such a low voice nobody could understand you. You just sat there, like a bump on a log. Then you *did* everything so badly. You hacked up the roast, you slopped up the drinks—and you thought it was funny. Anyway, you tried to get people to laugh at you.

GEORGE: Go on. That can't be *all* I did.

IRMA: Well, I should say it wasn't. You missed the point of all the stories everybody told—you acted as if you were listening with only one ear to what was being said. I don't know what they thought of you, but I'm sure they'll never come here again—any of them.

GEORGE: What else did I do, pet?

IRMA: Don't call me pet! You were so selfish. You emptied your own ashtray from time to time, but you wouldn't empty old Dr. Townsend's, although it was right on the table next to you. George, I've never heard of any man acting like you did tonight. It was disgraceful. I was never so humiliated in my life.

GEORGE: Are you finished now?

IRMA: I am not. You were as disagreeable as you could be to all the girls. "No!" you kept saying, no matter what they asked you. And you ended up growling and grumbling. What's got into you, anyway, for the God sake?

GEORGE: I *got* to act that way.

IRMA: What do you mean, you got to act that way?

GEORGE: I got to do it to avoid stomach disorders. Here, read this. (*He hands her Mrs. Haberman's list of nine ways of avoiding worry and its resulting ailments.*)

In case you, too, were puzzled by George's behavior, as described by Mrs. Hovey, here are the helpful hints for a peaceful mind and a happy stomach,

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"Let's try this one out. We'll send Mac to the cigar store at the corner and if he don't come back in fifteen minutes, we'll scram to hell outa here."

• •

which George was dutifully following out:

Be a little dull. A low voice and quiet manner may make you seem dull to some people, but risk it for the sake of harmony and ease.

Do things badly. There's no harm in falling short of perfection the first time you try something new. The important thing is to want to do something ardently enough to risk doing it at all.

Let people laugh at you. Keep your own sense of humor active, and it won't matter whether people laugh *at* you or *with* you.

Be disagreeable. Say no often. Develop your own interests and stick to them stubbornly.

Cultivate laziness. If you're a natural worrier, it goes without saying that you rush and bustle. Slow down.

Miss the point occasionally. Don't always strain to get the other fellow's views. Don't always try to argue back. Deliberately listen with only one ear now and then.

Practice selfishness. Do your own work first. Don't let others monopolize you.

Be a bump on a log. It takes plenty of stolid sitting to withstand times of national stress like these. You needn't apologize for inaction.

Growl and grumble. Don't keep your feelings bottled up. There's nothing like a good healthy "mad" to relieve strained feelings.

Mrs. Haberman, in her article, gives several case histories. The one that interests me most is as follows:

Case B: An attractive young married woman has a stomach attack every day. "Does it occur at any particular hour?" the doctor asks. "Yes, every night at dinner." It develops that her mother-in-law, who lives with them, eats lunch in her room but joins the family for dinner. "Tell your husband to have his mother eat upstairs," the doctor advises. She makes the suggestion tactfully, the change is arranged, and her stomach doesn't bother her again.

Let us see how the good doctor's advice would work out in actual practice. I take you again to the home of George Hovey, whose mother has been living with him and Irma for some months now. It is 5 P.M. and the Hoveys are alone in their living room, old Mrs. Hovey not having returned from a trip to the Sixth Avenue shooting galleries . . .

IRMA: Sometimes I think your mother has the pleasantest room in the house. It would make a very cheerful dining room.

GEORGE: Hm?

IRMA: I often go in there to eat when I'm here alone. I think a person eats more in a cheerful room like that.

GEORGE: What are you talking about, Irma?

IRMA: I was just thinking that your mother would be happier if she ate dinner in her room.

GEORGE: She eats her lunch there now and I can't see that that makes her very happy. What does she eat her lunch in there for, anyway?

IRMA: Oh, she really loves eating in there, George.

GEORGE: And you say you'd rather eat there than in any room in the house. Well, eat your lunch in there with Mamma if you want to. I don't care.

IRMA (*clutching at her stomach*): You don't see what I mean, George. It's for your mother's sake, really. She eats so little at dinner that it—well, it gives me stomach trouble. Then that worries *her.*

GEORGE: I don't see how it could. Mamma was telling me the other day that you have stomach trouble because you stuff yourself.

IRMA: Indeed!

GEORGE: How could her eating so little affect *your* stomach, for the God sake?

IRMA (*yelling*): Everything she does affects my stomach! I can't bear the sight of her sitting there! She eats as if she were chewing dice. She—

GEORGE: Is that so! At least she is a lady and she went to school, which is more than you can say about your mother.

AND so it goes. Each time I try to write a scene in which Irma tactfully gets George to make Mamma eat dinner in her room, the Hoveys end up screaming and blaspheming. Perhaps one of you ladies will sit down and write out a list of nine or ten ways of persuading a husband to keep his mother out of the dining room. It's too much for me. —JAMES THURBER

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Oakland (Calif.) Post-Inquirer*]

News of the engagement of Miss Helen Henderson, daughter of James Henderson of the Island of Hilo, to Seldon Chillingsworth, has reached her.

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5135 KENSINGTON

APRIL, 1904

MR. SMITH got off the trolley and turned down Kensington Avenue. Under one arm he carried a box of Peter Oaks' candy and the evening paper. He walked more quickly than usual, and his lips moved as he talked silently to himself. He ran up the cement steps to the terraced lawn of his home and waited a few minutes before he went up the wooden steps that led to the front porch. He stood fumbling with his key ring, then, picking out the key to the front door, he stared at it and ran his fingers along its smooth, worn surface. He had been opening the front door with it for almost twenty-one years.

There was no one in the hall as he entered. The top of the piano was piled high with music and there was a jardinière filled with pussy willows on the hall table. Although the door that led into the back hall was shut, he could hear his wife and Katie moving about in the kitchen, brisk and efficient. He wondered what they would do about Katie. "Anna!" he called. He took off his coat and hat and laid them across the piano stool.

The door to the back hall opened and Mrs. Smith hurried out. "Goodness, Lonnie!" she said. "You startled me." She looked at the candy box under his arm and said, "*More* candy!"

He handed the box to her without speaking and, putting his arm around her waist, walked with her into the living room. "Where are the girls?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith stared at him. "What's the matter?" she asked. "How should I know where the girls are?"

"Well, I just wanted to talk to you alone for a minute," he answered. He sat down in a chair by the mantelpiece and sighed. "Now, Anna," he said, "don't fly up in the air. There's nothing to lose your head over. I know it will be a lot of work for you and a lot of upset. But in the end it will be the wise thing."

"What will be the wise thing?" Mrs. Smith asked. "I don't know what you're talking about. Now, see here, Lonnie, I'm as calm as a cucumber. And you're shaking like I don't know what."

He held out his hand and she took it. "Well, I haven't mentioned it before," he said, "but there's been some talk downtown lately about sending me to New York. And today it was decided that they would send me."

Mrs. Smith laughed. "Well, we can live without you for a while," she said, patting his hand. "Only I hope you won't have to stay so long that you'll miss the opening of the World's Fair."

Mr. Smith held her hand tightly. "You don't understand," he said. "I mean they're sending me to New York for good. To be the head of the New York office."

"I don't believe it!" Mrs. Smith said. She stood back and looked at him, all expression gone from her face. "I simply don't believe it. I think you must have lost your mind."

"It's true," he said, and there was pride in his voice. "They were thinking about sending Duffy, but they thought he wasn't reliable enough." He began talking hurriedly. "I'm to start a week from Saturday, and I'd like it if you and the girls would follow as soon as you can."

"New York," Mrs. Smith said slowly. "New York. Why, New York is a big city. Not that St. Louis isn't big. It just doesn't seem big out here where we live. But New York! Why, what will the children do?"

"The same as they do here," he said. "Go to school, play, and have their friends over."

"What friends?" she asked.

"The friends they make at school," he answered.

"Rose is graduating this year," Mrs. Smith said. "Agnes is doing so well and sure to be promoted. Esther will be a senior. She's been dying to be a senior. And Tootie!"

"Tootie should have been in school this year," Mr. Smith said defiantly. "And would have been, too, if you hadn't carried on so about her being the baby. She'll have to start school sometime, you know."

"Naturally, I do know," Mrs. Smith said. "But what did she learn that half-day we sent her to kindergarten? The children in that kindergarten couldn't even read. Tootie told me so. You know yourself that you thought it was pretty foolish to have her running around pretending to be a squirrel and singing that song about storing nuts away. Tootie's too smart for that."

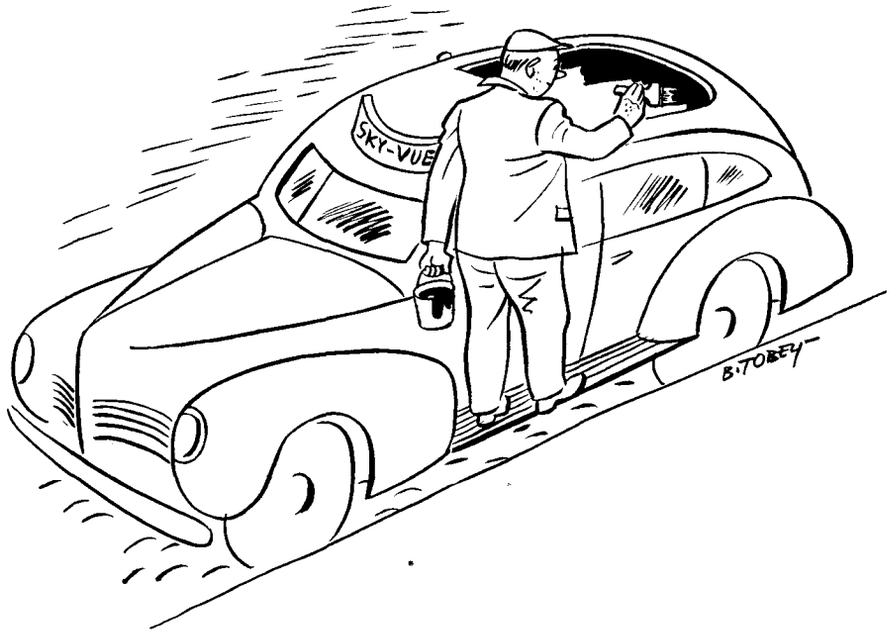
"Tootie's too smart for her own good," Mr. Smith said. "She needs to have someone over her who'll put his foot down."

"Well, she ran right through the books Agnes had in the first grade in about a week. She said the print was too big and were the children all blind," Mrs. Smith said.

"There's no use talking," Mr. Smith said. "There it is. We're going to have to move."

"And what are *you* getting out of it that you're so willing to move us lock, stock, and barrel to a perfectly strange place?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Now, listen, Anna," he said. "I've got the future to think about. Lon's in college. Next year, Esther will be ready for college. Rose has some damned notion about a finishing school. Tootie and Agnes will be in private schools. And I don't know how you've got it



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figured out, but I'd like to know where the money's coming from."

"Will you get a lot more pay?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"About a third more than I'm getting now," he said. "And if I build up a good business there, it might lead to anything." He got up from the chair quickly. "You'll have to break the news to the girls," he said.

"What about Katie?" Mrs. Smith asked. "What about Grandpa? What about the chickens? Not that we have many. As a matter of fact, I asked the iceman to kill one for us today. It was Bosco. She was getting so old and I thought she'd make a nice fricassee."

"Those are all things we can talk over later," Mr. Smith said. "I'm going to shave for dinner." He walked out of the room and up the front stairs without looking at her again.

MRS. SMITH stood still, her hands held tightly together and her lips quivering. Her face was white and she shut her eyes. Except for a faint rattle of pans in the kitchen, the house was still. She moved her feet and felt the carpet under them, the green Brussels carpet with the pink roses. With her eyes closed, she could see every detail of the living room, and she knew that she could lay her finger on every object in the house with her eyes blindfold. The front door opened and she heard the voices of her four daughters.

"Where's Mamma?" Agnes asked.

"I'm in here," Mrs. Smith said.

Tootie ran toward her, screaming, "I want to tell her first! I want to tell her first!"

"You told her first last time," Agnes said. "It's my turn to tell her first." She put her slender hand over Tootie's mouth and Tootie bit it. Agnes leaned over and bit Tootie's arm.

"Stop that biting," Mrs. Smith said.

"Well, we saw the monitor Arkansas," Agnes said. "We all saw it. They told us at school that she was coming up the river, so I told Corinne, and Corinne told Tootie when she passed by on her way home. Otherwise, Tootie wouldn't have known anything about it and she would have missed it. That's why I think it's only fair that I should tell about it."

Mrs. Smith turned toward Tootie. "Do you mean to tell me that you went without asking?"

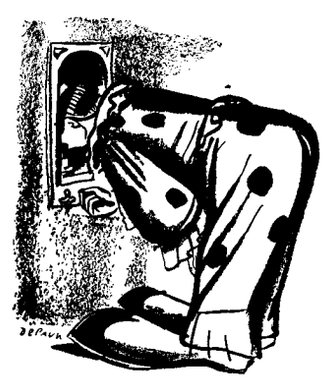
"I was playing down the street when Corinne told me," Tootie said. "I didn't have time. I ran over to the school and met Agnes, then she and I waited until the girls got out. *Then* we couldn't get Rose started. She was taking a picture of George. And we thought we'd never get there in time to see the monitor Arkansas coming in."

"I was taking a picture of George merely because the light was good and he happened to be the only male in sight," Rose said. "It was not on his account, I assure you. I hate, loathe, despise, abominate, and abhor him."

"Like fudge you do," Agnes said. "Anyway, it was grand. The whistles were blowing and the people were cheering and the girls were waving to the men and the men were waving back. Everybody was there."

"The monitor Arkansas is enormous," Tootie said.

"The most exciting part of the day was at school," Esther said. "While we were in the gym in the fifth hour swinging Indian clubs, who should Mr. Sears come in with but Governor Hogg of Texas and General Miles."



"General Miles is quite a big bug," Rose said. "He was Commander-in-Chief of the Army and he fought in Puerto Rico."

"Then," Esther said, "as though seeing such notable beings was not enough, when we came in from recess there they were, sitting on the platform, just as sweet and gracious as you please."

"The monitor Arkansas—" Tootie began.

"Shut up for a minute, Tootie," Esther said. "Well, Mamma, then Mr. Sears got up and made a speech of introduction. And then General Miles got up and made a talk and told us what an unusual *privilege* it was to address so many young ladies. And you bet he flattered us up fine—told us that he knew we all would grow up to be gracious, noble women, graceful, accomplished, educated, and gentle."

"And a thousand other things," Rose said. "Like that we would be the guiding stars in the communities where we lived. Honestly, I think these lady-fussers with gray hair are the *worst* kind."

"I don't think they were fussing at all," Esther said, patting her pompadour. "Anyhow, Governor Hogg got up—and he weighs about a ton—and made such a bright, witty speech, praising General Miles to the skies. He was truly humble in effacing himself. Then he said that General Miles was *our* servant and that all men in high official positions in this country were our servants. And then he asked Mr. Sears if he didn't think this was right. And of course Mr. Sears had to say yes. Then he asked

LITERARY DINNER

Come here, said my hostess, her face making room
for one of those pink introductory smiles
that link, like a valley of fruit trees in bloom,
the slopes of two names.
I want you, she murmured, to eat Dr. James.

I was hungry. The Doctor looked good. He had read
the great book of the week and had liked it, he said,
because it was powerful. So I was brought
a generous helping. His mauve-bosomed wife
kept showing me, very politely, I thought,
the tenderest bits with the point of her knife.
I ate—and in Egypt the sunsets were swell;
The Russians were doing remarkably well;
Had I met a Prince Poprinsky, whom he had known
in Capparabella, or was it Mentone?
They had travelled extensively, he and his wife;
her hobby was People, his hobby was Life.
All was good and well cooked, but the tastiest part
was his nut-flavored, crisp cerebellum. The heart
resembled a shiny brown date,
and I stowed all the studs on the edge of my plate.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

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"May we use your victim when you're through with her?"

• •

Mr. Sears if he didn't think the majority should rule."

"And Mr. Sears had to say yes again," Rose said. "So then the Governor said, 'Well, I propose that we are dismissed this minute and that we are not to return until Monday morning. Do the majority agree with me?' "

"You can bet they did," Esther said. "Considering it's only Wednesday. And Mr. Sears couldn't boss the Governor after the Governor had impressed upon us that our early dismissal was in honor of his dear and distinguished friend General Miles."

"Well," Mrs. Smith said, "I'm glad you heard such inspiring speeches and saw the beautiful sight of the monitor Arkansas coming up the river." She sighed and sat down. "Because I have bad news for you. Your father's moving us all to New York."

Her daughters looked at her in stupefaction. Agnes was the first to recover. "If you'll excuse me," she said, "I'll go and pack my dolls."

"I'll pack my dolls, too," Tootie said. "I'll pack them all but Margaretha, and I'll carry her. She can ride in the little hammock on the train." She and Agnes started from the room.

"Come back here," Mrs. Smith said. "You're not packing any dolls *yet*. There are a great many things to talk over, and I must say, Agnes and Tootie, that you're very cool about it."

Rose and Esther continued to stare at their mother for a few moments, then Esther broke into wild sobs. "Move to New York!" she cried. "I'll never move to New York. I've never seen the place and I never want to. What's Papa doing this to us for?"

"You mustn't blame your father too much," her mother said. "It means more money for him and, after all, you do want to go to college, Esther."

"Money!" Rose said coldly. "I hate, loathe, despise, abominate, and abhor money! Besides, how can I come out in New York, where I don't know a

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soul? And those Eastern girls—it's a well-known fact that they're snobs."

"And the World's Fair," Esther said, her eyes red. "Just when it's about to begin and just when St. Louis will be the centre of attraction of the entire universe."

Agnes and Tootie stood staring at them. "You can see the Flatiron Building in New York," Agnes said. "And you can go to the Art Museum. I imagine the paintings that they have there day in and day out are finer than the ones they are going to show at the World's Fair. And I'd like to see the ocean."

"Don't be so silly," Rose said. "It won't look a bit different than Lake Michigan, and you see that every summer."

"It will look different to me," Agnes said.

"I want to hear all the people talk like Mr. Sears," Tootie said. She imitated him. "Awwah Fawthaw who awt in hev'n."

"You must not make fun of anyone who is saying the Lord's Prayer," Mrs. Smith said.

"She says her prayers like Mr. Sears every night," Agnes said. "Every single night since she got to go to the Christmas play."

"Well, she's to stop it," Mrs. Smith said.

"Agnes and Tootie are acting like imbeciles," Esther said. "I wish they'd keep out of this discussion. For instance, I think it's important to think of what will happen to Lady Babbie. And I think Agnes should think of that, too. Lady Babbie is *her* cat."

"Lady Babbie!" Agnes cried. "Lady Babbie is coming with me in a basket lined with silk."

"And where are you going to keep her in New York?" Esther asked. "Cooped up in a tenement?"

"Don't they have houses in New York, for pity's sake?" Agnes asked.

"The rich people have houses," Rose said. "But the people like us have to live in sort of flats. There are hundreds of flats in one building. And they *rent* them."

Agnes drew closer to Rose and took her arm. "They *rent* them," she repeated. "You mean they have landlords like Mr. Johnson did before he bought his house?" Her eyes grew round and frightened. "I don't want to have anything to do with landlords," she said. "Tootie, we won't pack our things."

"No," Tootie said. "We won't. Anyway, I like it here. I guess I don't want to miss the World's Fair. I guess I don't want to live with a lot of other people."

"I simply won't go," Rose said. "Papa hasn't any right to ask me to."

"I won't go, either," Esther said. "Not that I don't want to help Papa if I can, but I could tell him a few things about the way Walter acted when he came back from New York. He's perfectly wicked at heart and hasn't been the same since. Mabel told me that his room is full of pictures of ballet girls, girls in tights, and his especial pride is a clown girl with one garter on."

"There's no use in discussing it, I suppose," Mrs. Smith said. "Your father's word seems to be law in this house. Now, get ready for dinner, if you have the heart to eat. The Lord knows I haven't."

"Why, Miss Williams, you've lost a little weight."

AFTER the girls went upstairs, Mrs. Smith got up and walked slowly through the dining room into the kitchen. In the kitchen she stood with her back to the door, the tears streaming down her face. The chicken was simmering slowly on the top of the new gas stove, which Katie kept shined and polished. She remembered the day it had come and how Lon had taken a time exposure of it. She looked about the kitchen; at the wainscoting around the walls, which had been painted ivory to blend with the soft brown of the woodwork; at the iron sink, with its filter attached to the cold-water faucet so that some of the mud that came from the river was caught in a fine sieve. The pantry door was open and she could see the small pasteboard barrel, gaily decorated with red roses, that contained gingersnaps. There was white, fresh paper edging on the shelves that had taken half a day to put on only the week before. The linoleum on the floor was new, and she remembered how often and how hard Katie had scrubbed the old wooden floor. In the rocking chair between the windows, Lady Babbie, a large, handsome tomcat, slept on an old cushion. Mrs. Smith went over and rubbed his head gently. At her touch he stretched his soft, strong legs and put out his claws. He opened his eyes until they were slits, and then closed them again. It was almost dark outside, but Mrs. Smith stood looking out of the window, seeing the boardwalk stretching down to the ashpit, the woodshed, and the chicken house. She remembered the hours Tootie had spent squeezing her thin little body in and out of the hole that had been cut in the door for the chickens. She could see the fruit trees, each one as individual as a person; there was the cherry tree that Esther had fallen from, the cherry tree with the straight, low branch that Agnes and

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Tootie played on; there were the two peach trees brought from Manitowoc and the new little Seckel pear.

Katie came into the kitchen, and Mrs. Smith turned her tear-stained face toward her. "Katie," she sobbed, "Katie," and felt comforting arms go around her.

"The girls told me," Katie said. "Holy Mary, what's to become of us all!"

UPSTAIRS, Rose and Esther were in the bedroom they shared. Esther lay across the double bed and Rose walked nervously around the room. "I think I could give up anything easier than giving up our darling room," Rose said.

"I know," Esther said. "We've just finally got about everything we've wanted for it. It looks almost like a *stage* room."

"It does," Rose said softly. "It's about the prettiest room I ever saw. Of course, I don't doubt that Margaret's room might not be considered more elegant. But to me, it's too cold. She has no *things*. Just the things she needs on her bureau. You know, I don't call *that* a pretty room."

"And the way the sun comes in here almost all day," Esther said. "And the way the honeysuckle vines have crept right *up* to the window."

"Yes. Remember we thought they never would?" Rose asked. "Of course, it isn't so bad for Tootie and Agnes. They don't remember when the house looked barer outside. Why, I remember when the maples were a lot smaller and the street wasn't nearly so shady."

"And when Grandpa brought the hammock home," Esther said.

"There's no denying it," Rose said. "No matter where we go, it won't be the same. Even if all the things are with us, it won't be the same." She flung herself down beside Esther and they held one another tightly. Esther's tears felt warm against her sister's cheek.

AGNES and Tootie were in Grandpa Prophater's room. "New York's a nice enough place if you care for the kind of things they have there," he told them. "But you couldn't get me there on a bet."

"But you have to come, Grandpa," Agnes said. "You *have* to. What will you do?"

"Don't you worry about me," he said. "I might stay here in St. Louis somewhere, or I might go to New Orleans. There was a time I lived in New Orleans."

Tootie ran over to him and climbed on his lap. "No! No!" she cried. "Papa isn't the only one in this family. There are a whole lot of us. There are eight, not counting Papa. And we can write Lon. He'll never hear of us leaving. He'll send us a lot of money. Every time I really ask for money he gives me a quarter."

"Yes," Agnes said. "We are well-known people in this town. All the children come to this house to play. We have the best fireworks on the Fourth of July, and we have the biggest tree in the whole city, I guess, on Christmas Day. People will think we're poor if we don't own anything and live in a flat."

"I wouldn't mind being poor if we could just stay here," Tootie said. "I would just as soon live with the orphalans and play in that streetcar the street-car people gave them. Rose says that children in New York wear hats. They're stuck-up. I think it's stuck-up to wear a hat except when you have to go to church."

The dinner bell rang downstairs. It rang only once and its tone seemed spiritless.

"Come along," Grandpa Prophater said to the two little girls. They walked past the door to Rose's and Esther's room. Rose opened the door and joined them. She was followed by Esther, whose eyes were now inflamed and swollen. As they all walked down the stairs they formed a procession—a stubborn, resisting bloc.

MR. SMITH, hearing the dinner bell, got up from his bed, on which he had been lying. He heard the subdued sound of footsteps and a muffled sob. He straightened his tie and sighed. But he almost smiled when he thought of Duffy. He thought of having his

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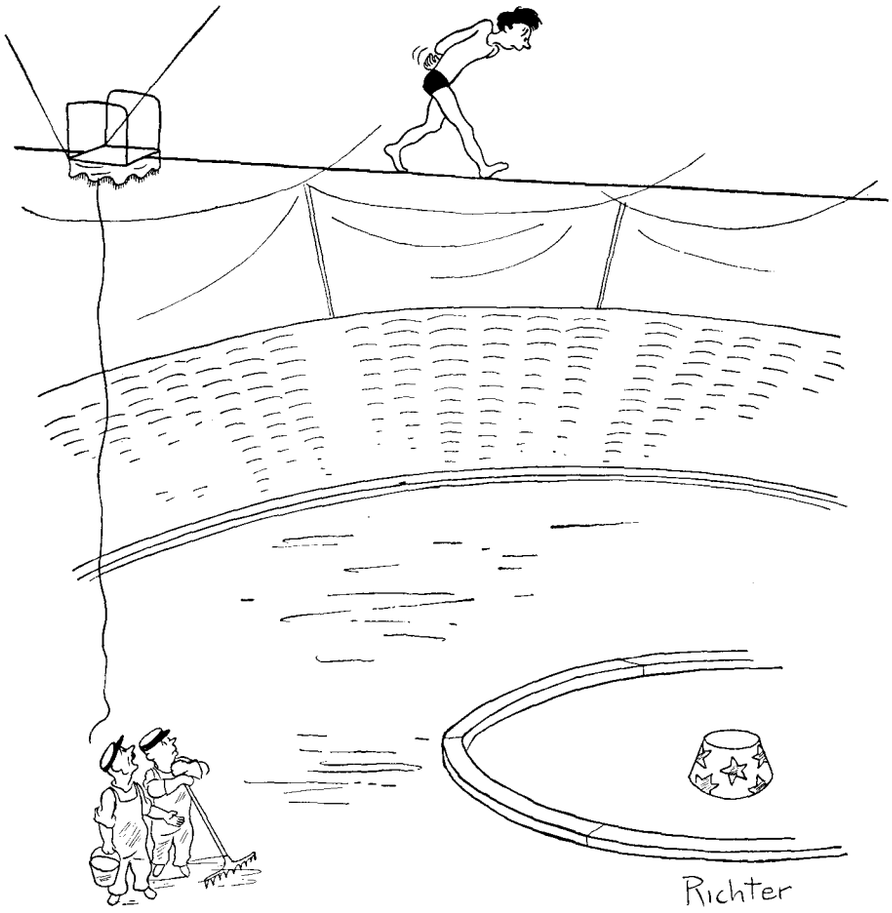

"He's had something on his mind all day."

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own office, managing it, building up his business, and of the things that Anna and the girls could have—things they could never have if he stayed on in St. Louis.

He opened his door, walked briskly down the stairs, through the living room, and into the dining room. His wife was seated at the foot of the table, with Tootie in a high chair beside her. It was not as though Tootie needed to sit in a high chair, he knew. It was because she liked to swing the tray back and forth over her head. Just the same, she looked like a very little girl as she sat there. "Well!" he said. "I seem to be behind the parade."

Mrs. Smith rang the small silver bell that stood near her water glass, and Katie came into the room carrying a steaming platter filled with fricasseed chicken and dumplings.

"Well!" Mr. Smith said again. "This looks mighty fine!" He looked up at Katie and smiled. She turned her eyes away. He picked up a spoon and a fork. "The second joint for you, Anna?" he asked.

"Not tonight," Mrs. Smith said. "Just give me a little bit of the gravy. Just a spoonful."

Katie took the plate and set it before Mrs. Smith.

"Rose, the breast?" Mr. Smith asked.

"Not tonight, Papa," she said. "I'll have a little salad later, if there is any."

Mr. Smith set the fork and spoon down heavily on the platter. "Now, see here," he began.

"After dinner, Lonnie," Mrs. Smith said. She tore off a crust of bread and dipped it in the gravy.

When Mr. Smith had finished serving, the platter was still nearly full. Tootie had not fought with Agnes over the wings, and Agnes had cut her wing with her knife and fork instead of picking it up in her fingers as she usually did. Tootie broke the silence. "You know what I think I'll do tomorrow?" she said. "I think I'll dig a tunnel from the side of the terrace right straight *in* and see where I come out. I wouldn't be surprised if I came out across the street-car tracks on the side of the Middletons' terrace, because they're directly in back of us. And when I have finished and Mrs. Middleton is walking around someday the way she does on that lawn of hers, I'll grab her by the leg."

"It will take months," Agnes said.

"I don't care," Tootie said. "I don't care how long it takes so long as I come out in the right place and can surprise Mrs. Middleton by grabbing ahold of her leg."

"You won't have time," Agnes said.

"I've got plenty of time," Tootie said.

"Not if you get moved away," Agnes said.

Tootie looked down the table at her father. "I won't move until I get it finished," she said firmly, looking him straight in the eye.

"Don't use that impudent tone with your father," Mrs. Smith said sharply.

"She's not using an impudent tone," Agnes said. "She's stating a fact. She just means she isn't going to be dragged out of her own home and sent away like a—well, like a Huguenot!"

Esther began to cry softly and Rose held her napkin to her lips. She leaned over and patted her father's hand. "It *is* hard, Papa," she said. "But we'll all get used to it. We don't want you to worry."

Mr. Smith grabbed the fork and spoon from the platter and plunged them into the fricassee. "No one's going to make any sacrifices for me!" he said. "I'm not going to have to creep in and out of my own home for the next day, week, or year, like a damned thief! The hell with Duffy, and the hell with everybody! Now, pass your plates and eat the food you're lucky to get!"

There was a stunned silence.

"Aren't we going, Papa?" Agnes asked after a while.

"No, by God," he said. "We're staying right here until we rot."

Mrs. Smith passed her plate up the table to have it filled. "We won't rot," she said. "We haven't yet."

Katie, listening in the kitchen, heard the clatter of the dishes and the sound of voices and laughter. She picked Lady Babbie from the chair near the window and sat down with the cat in her lap. "Bless the Lord and all the saints," she said quietly, as though the kitchen were a church. —SALLY BENSON

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Two resolutions were introduced at the meeting, one seeking a change in the time of the annual meeting and the other asking for a prayer at each meeting during wartime. Both were defeated by stockholders present.—*Chicago Daily News.*

The old diehards!

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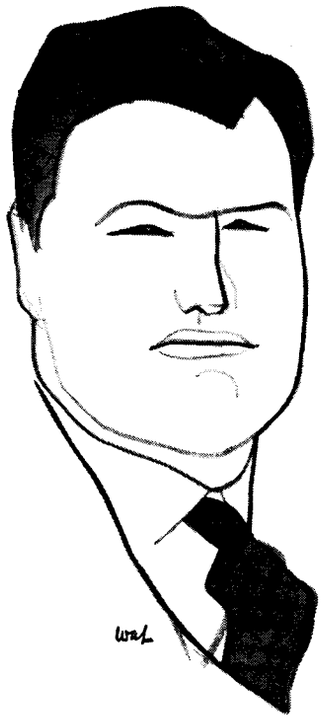
PROFILES

BEST NEIGHBOR—I

NELSON ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER, second of the five sons of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and a man with a brilliant command of Berlitz School Spanish, is at thirty-three this country's accredited lover of Central and South America. The objects of Mr. Rockefeller's affection, some of which are more accessible, romantically, than others, are Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Cuba, Honduras, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Panama, Venezuela, Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Argentina, and the vehicle of his passion is the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, which he heads. This office was established by President Roosevelt last July "to provide for the development of commercial and cultural relations between the American Republics and thereby to increase the solidarity of this Hemisphere and furthering the spirit of cooperation between the Americas in the interest of Hemisphere defense," and it is the successor to the Office of the Coordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations Between the American Republics, which was set up by executive order in August, 1940, also with Rockefeller as head. Before that the Pan American Union had for fifty years been holding conferences and studying ways to improve relations among the twenty-one American republics which comprise its membership, and the State Department, since Roosevelt's enunciation of the Good Neighbor policy in 1933, had been carrying on a warm flirtation with Latin America. The Rockefeller Office, however, was the first agency in this country to devote itself full time to turning the heads of our southern neighbors. Any Anglo-Saxon suitor panting after twenty Latin coquettes, not all of whom are precisely fancy-free, is bound to be a figure of fun part of the time, so it is not surprising that Washington does not always take Rockefeller seriously. How successful he has been in his courtships is a matter of widely divergent opinion. Similarly, the exact amount of credit he is entitled to for the improvement the past two years have seen in our relations with Central and South America is impossible to determine, since much of his wooing is done in collaboration with the State Department, the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture, the Export-Import Bank, and other spasmodically amorous organizations. Rockefeller himself is a buoyant type and he believes that a really over-all honeymoon is in the offing. "I'm optimistic about South America," he recently told an interviewer, "but you'll have to qualify that by saying I'm optimistic about everything."



Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller

In the eyes of official Washington, Rockefeller has been doing a good job of implanting in other branches of the government an awareness of the manifold psychological and economic factors in hemispheric relations and of suggesting methods for making the most of these factors. The Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, skeptical at first and still highly critical of Rockefeller's Office, has been disarmed, on his three appearances before it as a supplicant for funds, by his persuasive manner, his obvious sincerity, and the fact that he seems to know what he is talking about. Altogether, Congress has voted him over $19,000,000 to carry on his work. When the President ordered an abbreviation of the name of Rockefeller's department last summer, he at the same time enlarged the Coördinator's functions. Originally, Rockefeller's position was primarily that of an adviser. With respect to economic matters, for example, he had a right only to try to persuade other and more powerful government departments and agencies to do things. The President's revamping of the Coördinator's Office was calculated to make Rockefeller an executive as well as a lobbyist. It provided, among other things, that the Coördinator "formulate, recommend, and execute programs in the commercial and economic fields which, by the effective use of governmental and private facilities, will further the commercial well-being of the Western Hemisphere."

Up to July, 1941, Rockefeller, when advised by one of the committees he had set up in Latin America that Chile, say, was unable to get enough tin plate from us for its canning industries, had to persuade E. R. Stettinius, Jr., Director of Priorities of the OPM, to issue a priority order making it possible to woo Chile with tin plate. The inclusion of the word "execute" in last July's order was intended to give Rockefeller an official voice in export control, but actually four more months passed before this verb was given teeth. During this interim export priorities were handled by the Economic Defense Board, now the Board of Economic Warfare, an organization of which Rockefeller was at that time not a member. Last September, Rockefeller wanted to send twenty-eight hundred tons of steel bars to Uruguay in order to prevent that country's entire construction industry, the means of livelihood of fifteen per cent of its population, from closing down. To accomplish this, he had to persuade the Economic Defense Board, to whom he was still no more than a vaguely privileged outsider, to issue the necessary priority order. His position as a man of authority was finally established last November, when Vice-President Wallace, chairman of the Economic Defense Board, appointed him to the Board and at the same time made Carl Spaeth, head of the Economic Division in Rockefeller's Office and one of the Coördinator's closest friends, head of the Board's American Hemisphere Division. Now, if Rockefeller should wish to dazzle Uruguay with a fine assortment of steel bars, he can have Spaeth take the matter up with Milo Perkins, executive director of the Board, as a piece of routine business; later he can, as a Board member, argue and vote for the allocation himself.

Except for the Vice-President, Rockefeller is the only non-Cabinet man on the Board of Economic Warfare; the other members are the Attorney General and the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, the Navy, Agriculture, and Commerce. In going to work for the Board, Spaeth put the Rockefeller Economic Division's staff of seventy-five

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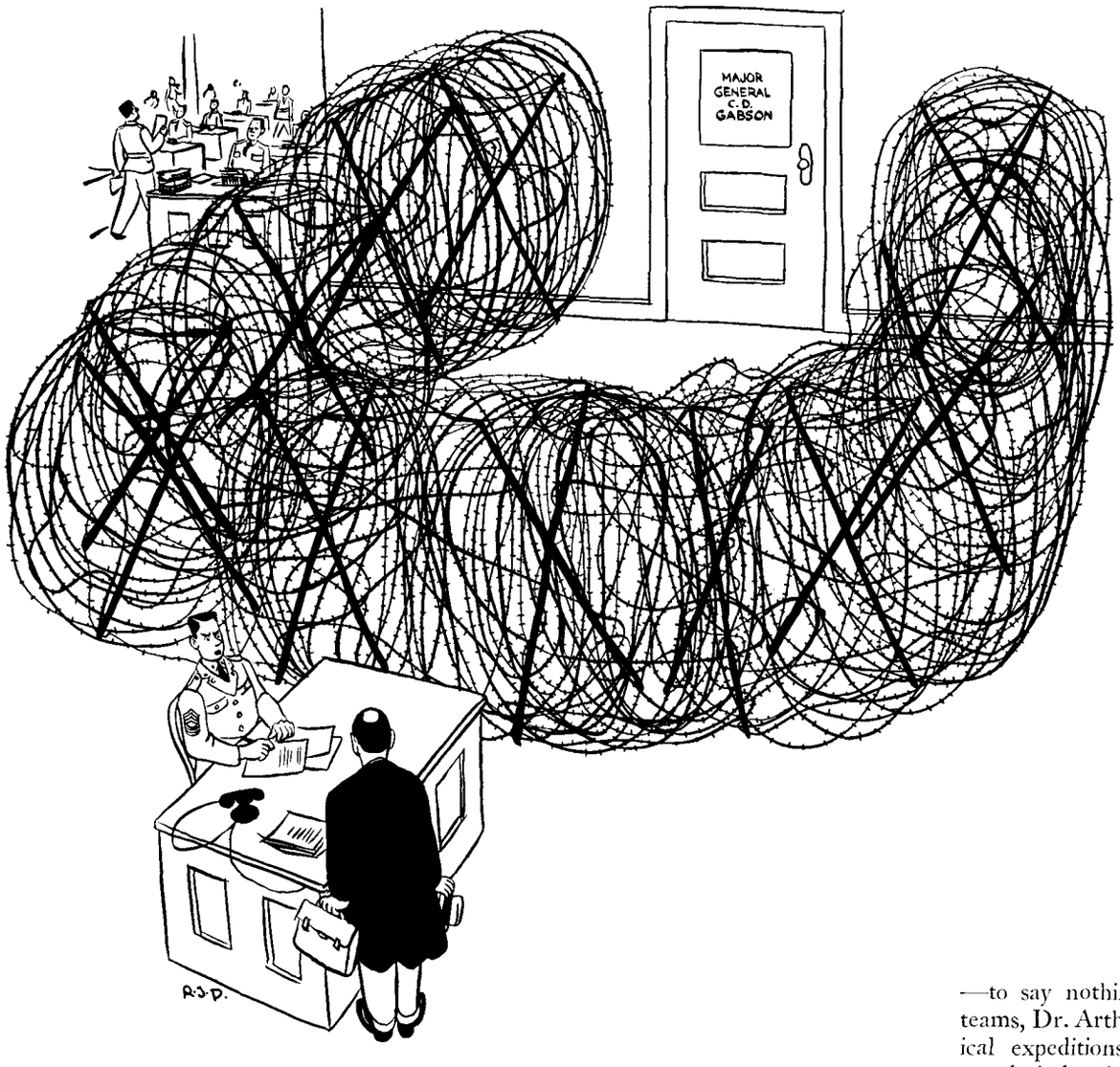

"Have you an appointment?"

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men partially under the administrative control of what is regarded, by Washington standards, as a rival outfit. Spaeth and his staff now function within the Wallace-Perkins group and the Rockefeller Office simultaneously, apparently without getting confused. This was the first such amalgamation in the capital, where interdepartmental jealousies flourish as waspishly as those in a college faculty. Rockefeller is as good a politician as the next Coördinator (Wild Bill Donovan), but, as befits one of the five men in the world who could, without resorting to whimsy, say that his grandfather used to have an income of over thirty million dollars a year, he is too self-confident to be petty. He himself suggested the merger to Perkins, and the move was facilitated by the fact that Rockefeller, whose natural exuberance is tempered by a respect for his elders, is well liked by both Roosevelt and Wallace. Signed photographs of the two men, whom he has known for a good two or three years, adorn his office in the Department of Commerce Building, Roosevelt's roguishly inscribed "For Nelson Rockefeller from his old friend Franklin D. Roosevelt," Wallace's bearing the appropriate words "*Para el distinguido Señor Don Nelson Rockefeller con profundo afecto.*" Wallace's command of Spanish approaches that of the Coördinator, who picked his up at the Berlitz School in Rockefeller Center in the winter of 1937, shortly after returning from a rather silent tour of his family's oil properties in South America. Rockefeller talks a good deal with his hands and shoulders and is generally conceded to have an edge in this respect on the Vice-President, a comparatively immobile linguist.

IN seeking to advance his suit with Latin America, Rockefeller has helped provide that part of our hemisphere not only with tin plate and steel bars but with practically everything else that might make a continent or so fall in love with him. His Office has sent, or made it possible for other organizations to send, to Central and South America such varied manifestations of a young Coördinator's fancy as coal, newsprint, copper, iron, Jo Davidson, the Yale Glee Club, Walt Disney, the American Ballet Caravan, exhibits of North American paintings, movies depicting Western Hemisphere bird migration and the manufacture of Chrysler tanks, and free subscriptions (to schools, regimental libraries, and so on) to a number of magazines, including *Aviation*, *Army Ordnance*, the *Coast Artillery Journal*, the *Quartermaster Review*, *Leatherneck*, and *Life*—to say nothing of radio sets, tennis teams, Dr. Arthur Compton, archeological expeditions, books on nursing, a woodwind quintet, money, sound projectors, ships, a man to advise the Peruvian wool industry on a sheep-breeding problem caused by the circumstance that at an altitude of over ten thousand feet rams go sterile, composers, Hollywood actors, William S. Paley, and *En Guardia*, a picture magazine liberally decked with color photographs of United States warships, tanks, and Flying Fortresses, which, printed both in Spanish and Portuguese, goes to a carefully selected list of 175,000 influential individuals and groups south of the Rio Grande. *En Guardia* is a strikingly handsome throwaway, and recognition of this fact was accorded a few months ago, when readers in one town in Peru complained to the Coördinator's Office that they were no longer receiving their copies. Investigation showed that local postal clerks had been filching incoming numbers at the post office and selling them. Before taking on his present job, Rockefeller was president of Rockefeller Center, Inc., where no one ever felt this way about the *Rockefeller Center Magazine*, and he regards the Peruvian incident as

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a gratifying tribute to his increasing skill as a propagandist.

In addition to the dispatching of raw materials, manufactured goods, publications, and good-will emissaries, Rockefeller's affair with Latin America has entailed so many projects on so many fronts that the Coördinator has found it necessary to set up a bewildering number of divisions, sections, committees, subcommittees, and advisory committees. To put it briefly, Rockefeller's Office conducts what he calls its psychological-warfare function through four divisions: Press, Radio, Motion Pictures, and Social Science & Education. This last division operates chiefly through sections entitled Literature, Publications, Fellowship Interchange, and Education; it also has Art, Music, Travel, and Sports sections, but since Pearl Harbor these have become less and less active; for instance, art projects which were already under way when we entered the war are being completed, but no new ones are being undertaken. The Rockefeller Office's most important function, Economic Warfare, is handled by its Commercial and Financial Division, which in turn is broken down into Commodities, Transportation, Development, Finance, and Export Priorities sections. These subgroups, often working with corresponding committees in the State Department, develop projects in their respective fields; the projects are then discussed at weekly Policy Committee meetings attended by Rockefeller and departmental heads. The outlining of a project is accompanied by an itemized estimate of its cost and a recommendation that some specific agency, public or private, should be invited to administer it. In the interests of efficiency and unobtrusiveness, the Rockefeller Office operates through non-governmental organizations whenever possible. By granting funds to North American educational institutions and hospitals and to the Pan American Union, it has arranged visiting scholarships for Latin-American students, professorships for Latin-American teachers, fellowships for Latin-American doctors, and so on. Acting as an intermediary, it has promoted the teaching of Spanish, Portuguese, and Latin-American subjects in United States schools, brought Latin-American orchestras to this country, set up social centres for southern visitors in various cities, started public-speaking, essay, and poster contests in thousands of schools and colleges here and in Latin America on the subject of the importance of hemisphere solidarity, anonymously financed booklets with titles like "Inter-American Friendship Throughout the Schools," made it possible for museums all over the country to hold loan exhibits of contemporary Latin-American paintings, and arranged to have the Hays Office employ Latin-American specialists to see to it that Central and South Americans are not cast as villains or gigolos in Hollywood pictures.

ROCKEFELLER's Office has a staff of some fifty writers, who turn out an average of a hundred and twenty thousand words a week to feed eleven 24-hour-a-day short-wave radio stations, the various press associations, and about five hundred newspapers in Latin America. This output, which has overtaken that of the Nazis in the news field, ranges from documented rebuttals of Axis propaganda in Latin America to descriptions—intended largely for domestic consumption—of what the Office calls "international weddings of wide interest," in which, for example, a New York girl marries a Peruvian described as the son of a member of the National Geographic Society of Peru and a friend of President Manuel Prado and Vice-President Rafael Larco Herrera of that country. Thanks to the Coördinator's Office, the average New Yorker, who probably has no idea what the "A" in Henry A. Wallace stands for, can, by studying the society pages of the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Sun*, soon become an authority on the middle names of dozens of Latin-American notables.

Although Rockefeller's organization operates, especially on the now rather inactive cultural side, through so many agencies that artists, scientists, and educators invited here from Latin America

"My father can lick your father!"

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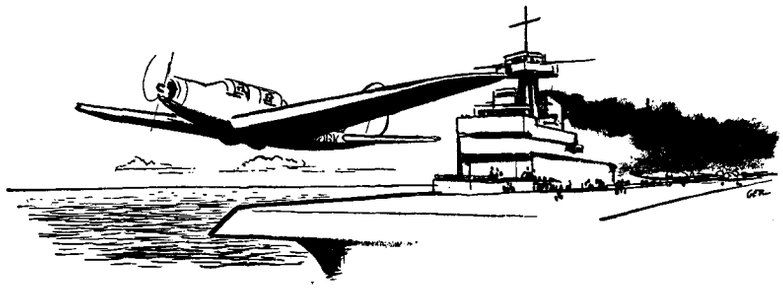
or sent to Latin America at the Coördinator's instigation are often unaware who is the actual sponsor of their trips, he tries to get a personal touch in his projects from time to time. Last fall, when the senior class of the agricultural college of the Brazilian University of São Paulo, touring the United States under Rockefeller auspices, were in Washington for a few days, he invited them to lunch at the Metropolitan Club and put them at their ease by remarking that he felt at home with them because they were so near his own age. When he finished speaking, his listeners gave him a University of São Paulo yell, ending up with "Rockifella! Rockifella! Rockifella!"

THE efforts of the Rockefeller Office to establish an inter-American entente have been made under extreme psychological difficulties. Originating in a country accustomed to looking across the Atlantic rather than the Rio Grande and directed at an area with a similar orientation, these efforts have necessarily seemed, in many instances, synthetic, opportunistic, and patronizing. The Germans had a big head start in South America, and Rockefeller's best bet in overcoming this—the promotion of inter-American trade—now has been painfully handicapped by the decrease in the available shipping caused by our entry into the war. The Coördinator has also been plagued by any number of minor obstacles. For example, a good many Americans travelling in South America, complete strangers to his Office, have, in the hope of gaining business concessions or getting invitations to really worthwhile cocktail parties, gone about confidentially whispering that they were friends of Nelson Rockefeller, engaged in mysterious missions at his behest. Moreover, captious North American artists touring the southern continent under the Rockefeller aegis have occasionally found themselves sidetracked into what they regarded as stuffed-shirt circles. "It's as if you came here wanting to get in touch with creative artists," one disgruntled ambassador of good will reported on his return, "and your hosts had you meet the officers of the National Academy of Design."

Rockefeller is impetuous, has no patience with subtlety, and is used to acting with the directness which is instinctive in a man accustomed to power, and he has made several *faux pas*. One of these occurred during his first year in Washington, when his Office launched a $500,000 campaign of full-page advertisements in the Latin-American press, designed to encourage South and Central American tourists to visit the United States. This project turned out to be a boomerang on three counts: full-page ads look brash to Latin Americans, several pro-Axis papers were used and several pro-United States ones overlooked, and the rate of exchange between this country and Latin America was so unfavorable to the latter as to make the suggestion that their citizens come here seem a sardonic pleasantry. Matters were made worse by the fact that the State Department had not been informed of the project, and in two or three countries it got under way before our ambassadors there knew anything about it. Sumner Welles, who had opposed the creation of the Coördinator's Office from the beginning, complained to the President, and he wrote Rockefeller what, coming from an old friend, was a rather sharp letter, instructing him to move in unison with the State Department in future. Rockefeller, who likes to talk about "the creative, positive challenge" of what he is doing, has the resilience of youth, of the believer, and of the very rich. Some of his friends think that this official rebuke was a stroke of luck, since it made the State Department feel sorry for him and become appreciably more friendly. Rockefeller said, shortly after this episode, "We've worked out a formal relationship whereby we show them projects in the early stages. It slows you down, but what the hell!" Welles is still not entirely reconciled to Rockefeller's Office, the existence of which he is inclined to regard as a reflection on the State Department's record of accomplishment in Latin America, but in general the State Department people realize that Rockefeller's comparative detachment from official diplomacy has enabled



THE CAGES

The empty bird cage hangs with open door,
shadow of golden wires on golden floor;
Mavis's bird is flown, and Miriam's bird,
like Lesbia's, is a voice no longer heard.

A child remembers, as she thinks, with eyes:
so now, they follow the lost bird where it flies;
lift to the open window, the bread-crumbed sill,
soar to the clouds, remember, and are still;

drop back to an empty cage from empty sky,
flight and return, before they fill and cry;
Mavis and Miriam, and Miranda too,
each in her room, each with a bird that flew.

Molly hangs out an empty cage in moonlight—
luckier this might be. Mae, in the sunlight,
purses her lips in a sly birdcatcher's whistle.
Moppet sprinkles a leaf with seeds of thistle.

Children think with the eyes first, then with fingers;
both in the eyes and hands the knowledge lingers.
Marian's eyes and fingers suffer much,
remembering now how soft it was to touch.

All through the streets the empty cages hang,
bare little cells where once the sweet birds sang.
Someone we loved has left this cage, the city.
Someone has left our hearts, and O the pity.

—CONRAD AIKEN

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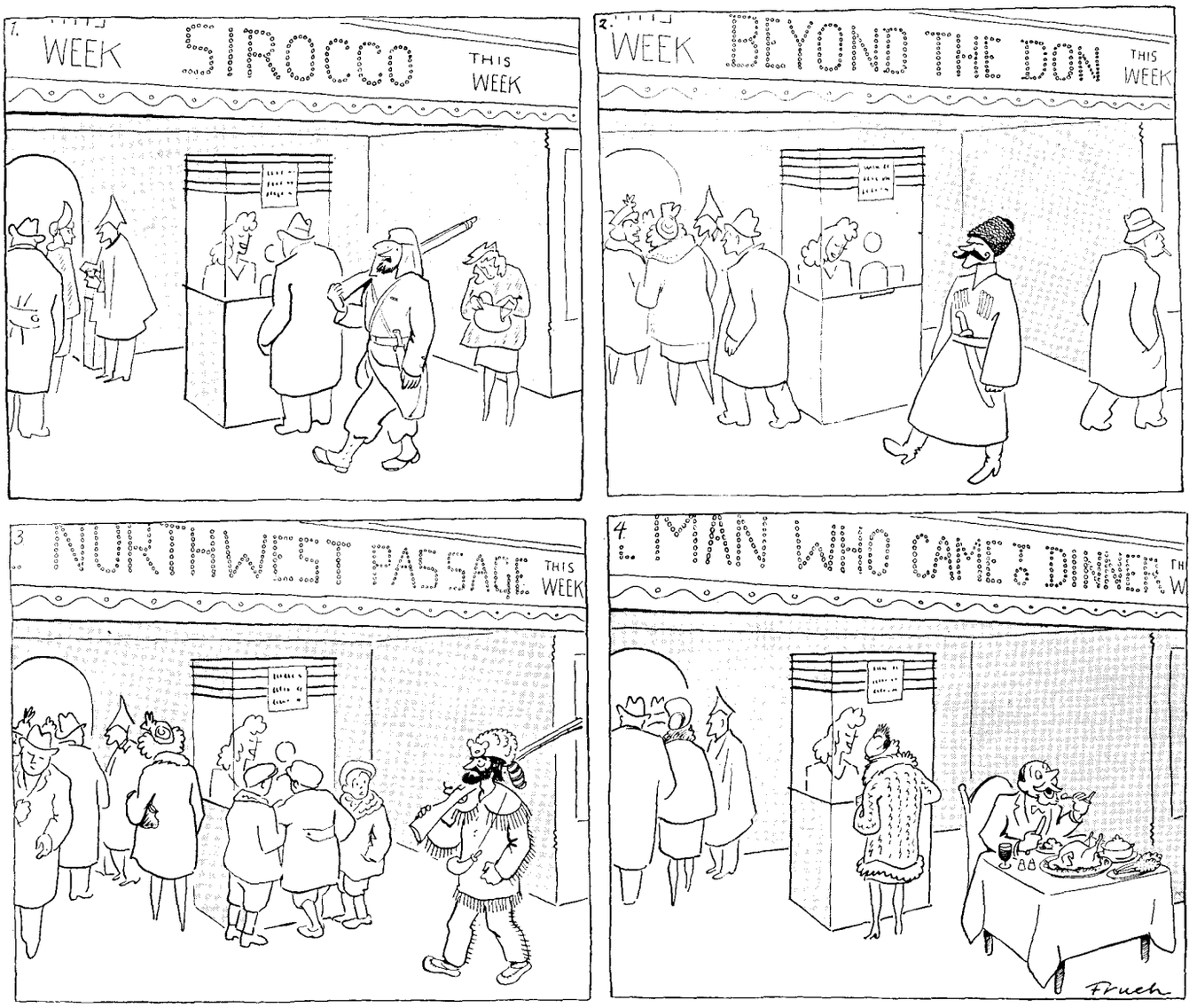

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him, especially during the period before we officially entered the war, to make anti-Axis moves more forcibly and more directly than they themselves could, and they favor him because, though technically a bureaucratic rival, he has made it plain that he is not a man to bear a grudge. "When he gets slapped down he shows a willingness to eat crow and start all over again," a State Department man recently said admiringly.

Rockefeller prides himself on having no vanity, and he has, in the interest of higher politics and good feeling, occasionally assumed the blame for errors of which he was more or less innocent. According to students of Washington life, he *had* outlined the Latin-American advertising campaign to a representative of the State Department, who neglected to inform Hull or Welles and later, when the controversy had arisen, refused to admit that he had been advised of it. Rockefeller simply took the buck. Similarly, though Rockefeller has been criticized for a number of doubtful projects which did not originate in his Office, he has never offered any rebuttal. A Latin-American tour, undertaken by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., which resulted in less good will than some demanding observers would have liked, was launched by the White House, but Rockefeller's department, which had thoughtfully sent along a staff member to chaperon Fairbanks, got a good deal of blame in the press. Expeditions of this sort, along with the poor reaction in Latin America to some rather patronizing apostles of United States culture whom Rockefeller did send down in his early Washington days, were probably what Señor Oswaldo Aranha, the Brazilian Foreign Minister, had in mind when he observed a year ago, "The next good-will mission that arrives in Rio, Brazil will declare war on the United States."

When people criticize Rockefeller for his mistakes, or for those of others, he is philosophical. He can point to at least two major triumphs his organization has scored: the compilation of a blacklist of South American business firms with Axis sympathies and the elimination of German control of Latin-American airlines. Two Rockefeller men, William Barclay Harding and William A. M. Burden, with the aid of an investigating unit of fifteen men, worked up a report showing that most of these airlines were controlled by German interests under Nazi domination; then Rockefeller, in another gesture of interdepartmental good will, turned Harding and Burden and their aides over to the RFC, which put up $8,000,000 to buy out the airlines. Control of these is now in the hands of local companies, which purchase their equipment from North American firms and are training many of their pilots, mechanics, and en-

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gineers here at the expense of the Coördinator's Office. The Rockefeller investigation which resulted in the blacklist was instigated by Harry Hopkins. Rockefeller sent four men to Latin America in the fall of 1940 to find out how much American business was being handled there by pro-Axis firms. In the course of a half-year's work, they looked into 6,000 customers of United States exporters, as well as agencies which acted as sales outlets for United States manufacturers, and suppliers to United States importers, and found that a thousand of these firms were making sizable contributions to Nazi organizations in South America. Three wool concerns in Uruguay, for instance, together made a profit of $750,000 in 1940 from the sale of wool to the United States and turned over $225,000 of this to the local Nazi party. In the case of many Latin-American agencies of such United States companies as du Pont, Remington, Socony-Vacuum, and Deere, the home offices were not aware of what was going on until Rockefeller began issuing reports on the subject. Needled by the State Department, to whom Rockefeller later turned over his research staff on the blacklist project, most of them dismissed their pro-Nazi agents and substituted pro-American ones. Last July, the blacklist, eighteen hundred names long and signed by Rockefeller, Sumner Welles, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., was issued to take care of the recalcitrant organizations.

ROCKEFELLER's generosity in lending or giving his men to other government departments has in a way weakened his Office, but it has also strengthened his position by putting friends in various important posts around Washington. Many members of his staff either went to college with him or are close personal or business associates: Spaeth; John Clark, director of a division which is trying to improve public health in Latin America; Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., director of production in the Radio Division; and Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., a member of the Commercial and Financial Division, all were at Dartmouth with him. William Clark, an assistant secretary in his office, is his brother-in-law; Wallace K. Harrison, the architect, an Assistant Coördinator and head of the psychological-warfare work, is married to a sister of David Milton, Rockefeller's sister Abby's husband; Joseph C. Rovensky, another Assistant Coördinator, was formerly a vice-president of the Chase National Bank and was presented to the Rockefeller Office by the Coördinator's indulgent uncle, Winthrop Aldrich, chairman of the board of the bank. Others in the group are old Museum of Modern Art associates of the Coördinator. Among them are John Hay Whitney, Rockefeller's successor as president of the Museum, who heads the Motion Pictures Division, and John Abbott, executive vice-president of the Museum, who heads the Art Section of the Social Science & Education Division. The Coordinator has also drawn on the Rockefeller Foundation for his personnel. All this has tended to foster a spirit in Rockefeller's Office which his critics find a trifle inbred and over-congenial, but his well-wishers regard the situation as productive of a loyalty that promotes efficiency.

Rockefeller is a wavy-haired, handsome, boyish, aggressive, idealistic young man who inspires considerable hero worship in his staff. He has an informal, evangelistic tendency to discuss what he is doing in great detail, and he has set the tone for an office atmosphere that has, in view of the issues involved, struck a few visitors as somewhat collegiate. The six girl secretaries who handle his mail refer coyly to his "correspondence club." "I've got my spies out on this" and "He's carrying the ball" are standard intra-office expressions. "We've really gone to town on Paraguay," one staff member recently said. The Coordinator himself refers earnestly and conventionally to matters like "trade relations, untrammelled by political or economic or ideological enslavement by overseas powers" in his speeches,

"It doesn't go 'baaroom' any more. It only goes 'beep.'"

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An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company

"Dis will add a fillip to dat hamboiger, chum."

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
LAST 2 WEEKS!
S. HUROK presents
SEASON OF BALLET
Ballet Russe DE MONTE CARLO and Ballet Theatre
• 35 PRODUCTIONS
• 125 DANCERS
• SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Evenings including Sunday. 85c to $3.85.
Matinees April 11, 18, 19: 85c to $2.75.

"A CASCADE OF COLOR, MUSIC AND THEATRICAL DELIGHT!" —Richard Lockridge, Sun
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Hit
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE ALL AMERICAN 5-LETTER FEMALE AT WORK in
GUEST IN THE HOUSE
"A cheerful experience—you'll enjoy it." Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th W. of B'way
Evs. inc. Sun. 8:40. Mat. Sat. & Sun.

OLSEN & JOHNSON
In Their New Crazy Musical
SONS O' FUN
CARMEN MIRANDA · ELLA LOGAN
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10—$2.75. 2 SHOWS SUNDAY

"A honey for your money."—Winchell
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
Music & Lyrics by
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Miss George is a joy."—BROWN, World-Telegram
"Mr. Smith is a rare delight."—WATTS, Her. Trib.
GRACE GEORGE and C. AUBREY SMITH in
Spring Again
PLAYHOUSE THEA. 48th St., E. of B'way. BR 9-2628
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40.

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
Vincent PRICE • Judith EVELYN • Leo G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. Cl. 6-6740.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., & Sat. 2:40

"A modern classic . . . beautiful . . . exciting . . . memorable." —Richard Watts Jr., Her.-Trib.
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
George Gershwin's
PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC Thea., West 44th St. Cl. 6-0730
Eves. including Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

of which he makes a great many all over the country. In private conversation, however, he employs phrases several shades more vivid, such as "This is absolutely graveyard."

Rockefeller's background of wealth and power has unquestionably been an asset to him in his job. When a project in which he is interested is allowed to languish for lack of funds, he will often pay for it himself, putting up sums like $25,000 with the unconcern of the man who is in the top income-tax bracket. Every week or so he invites forty or fifty members of his staff to a buffet supper in the large, rambling house in Georgetown he has rented for his stay in Washington. He frequently sends tired employees to Pocantico Hills, where he has a house on his father's five-thousand-acre place. Last September he sent two busloads of his stenographers to Williamsburg for a weekend at his expense; on another occasion, when a girl in his office got infantile paralysis, he sent her to Johns Hopkins and had the Rockefeller Foundation supply an iron lung for her use. This sort of thing makes the staff feel that they are in the hands of an admirable boss, and their respect has been heightened by the fact that the Coördinator, who draws no salary, works longer hours than anyone else in the office. He gets to his desk regularly before eight-thirty and his working day starts even earlier, as house guests can testify. Don Francisco, former head of the New York office of Lord & Thomas, the advertising agency, and now director of the Coördinator's Radio Division, was one of a dozen staff-member house guests in Georgetown one night a year or so ago. He shared a bedroom with Rockefeller and was vaguely conscious, around six in the morning, that his roommate had gone into the bathroom. At seven-thirty, Rockefeller had not emerged, and Francisco, fearing that he might have fainted in the tub, opened the door. "There he was," Francisco reported later with some awe, "sitting under a sun lamp, listening to the news over the radio, and writing a speech to be delivered in Texas the following afternoon."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Rockefeller.)

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

Take an average bride at the altar and shake her upside down. What do you get?
—From an article in Good Housekeeping.

You get a very angry little bride, that's what you get.

MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell

MY SISTER EILEEN
SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. Cl 6-9353
Every Eve. except Tues. 8:40
MATINEE Sat. 2:40. Sun., 3 P.M.

"Buoyant, giddy & funny" —Atkinson, Times

JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

"As deft, malicious and fascinating a comedy as you could hope to see." —Wolcott Gibbs
John C. Wilson presents
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
A Farce By NOEL COWARD
MOROSCO THEA. 45th St., West of B'way • Circle 6-6230
Evgs.: 8:40. Mats.: Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY

EMPIRE Theatre

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

WHARTON and GABEL present

HYMIE of Cafe Crown
the town's favorite!
CORT THEATRE

MOTION PICTURES

M-G-M's Unique Entertainment—the best of the best in shorts for connoisseurs of the cinema
PRIZE PACKAGE
AT 53RD ST. BROADWAY
To 1 P. M. 28c. 1 to 6 P. M. 35c. 6 to closing 44c (exc. Sat. & Sun.) Children all times 20c. Reserved seats in Mezzanine. Continuous from 12:00 Noon.

"The COURTSHIP of ANDY HARDY"
with Lewis STONE • Mickey ROONEY • Cecilia PARKER
Fay HOLDEN
Capitol
An M-G-M Picture
B'way & 51st Street

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"REAP THE WILD WIND"
Ray Milland, John Wayne, Paulette Goddard
A Paramount Picture
Gala Stage Revue • Symphony Orchestra
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

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THE THEATRE

TRACT

"NATHAN THE WISE," transferred from a studio theatre on Twelfth Street to the Belasco on Forty-fourth, presents quite a problem to the conscientious reviewer. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, writing in 1779, had a great many courageous, searching, and poetic things to say. Today, however, when tolerance is generally accepted as a cliché of democratic thought, it is just possible to doubt the immediacy of his message; it has in a way the air of being a distinguished attack on the man-eating shark. It is also, I'm sorry to say, possible to doubt whether Ferdinand Bruckner's adaptation makes much of a play. Not being familiar with the original, there isn't much I can say about Mr. Bruckner's translation. From cultivated friends, I've heard that a good many liberties have been taken with the text, and the surviving parts seem to me rather more literal than inspired.

I may well be mistaken about this, since the idiom of a century and a half ago has a tendency to defeat even the most resourceful of modern talents, but the generally static air of the production at the Belasco is, I think, something that can hardly be denied. By far the greater part of the evening is devoted to moral conversations between Nathan and the various representatives of mistaken opinion who surround him. These talks are always instructive and often eloquent, but they are not dramatic even on that elementary level which causes the spectator to ask himself anxiously what is apt to happen next. Anybody who doesn't realize that Rahel and her Knight Templar are destined for each other in spite of all the theological hurdles placed in their way belongs at the cinema, where such a dilemma would never have come up in the first place.

I wish I could say that the physical properties of "Nathan the Wise" were at least enough to recommend it to your attention, but I'm afraid I can't. The acting has the virtue of obvious sincerity, but somehow it remains the kind of acting that inevitably seems to go with crêpe beards and nightgowns. The settings by Cleon Throckmorton have that stylized economy which can seem either artistic or just a little dreary, depending, I suppose, on the condition of your liver, and I suspect James Light's direction of extracting almost the minimum of drama from the script. Altogether, I don't quite see how I can suggest "Nathan" to you as an evening's entertainment, no matter how much you may admire its sentiments. The cast, by the way, includes Herbert Berghof, Bettina Cerf, Olive Deering, Alfred Ryder, and Bram Nossen.

THE rest of the news last week was all bad. A company of innocent enthusiasts turned up at the Barbizon-Plaza in an intimate revue called "It's About Time." With the exception of a Miss Melissa Mason, who appears to be double-jointed in an original and interesting manner, there was nothing in it to take your mind off whatever your troubles may be. A rather bitter man who accompanied me to it said that it contained the first colored woman in his memory who couldn't sing. He appeared to think this was quite an accomplishment and I guess it was, in a negative way. . . . "Me and Harry," at the Studio Theatre, dealt with a man who suffered from delusions. How he differed from anybody else connected with this sad enterprise was never explained.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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CORRECTION

A statement published in last week's Star and Wave to the effect that guests at a party given by Miss Mary Jane Smith last week enjoyed dancing was incorrect, according to the hostess' mother, Mrs. Ernest Smith. The Star and Wave takes this means of correcting the error and offering its apologies to Mrs. Smith and her daughter.—*Cape May (N. J.) Star & Wave.*

That's a nasty rumor to have got started.

You'll blossom
with
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Charles of the Ritz
Newest, loveliest, of bath exquisitries, breathing the fresh, lush fragrance of a garden after a spring shower! SPRING RAIN Cologne, in enchanting "umbrella" bottle, $2.00. Dusting Powder, in petal-edged box, $1.00. Rich-lathering Soap, three fat cakes, $1.50. Bubble Bath, frothy refreshment, $1.50. All, all scented with SPRING RAIN!
At fine stores.
SPRING RAIN

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TWO
BY
TWO . . .

The best things come in pairs—like Baby Skin Oil and Soap! Each, by itself, a wonderful "spirit" lifter for your complexion—but *together*, very *special!* Quick, simple, effective—the American way to all-out good looks. Today when every minute counts and you want a smooth, fresh face always, use these fine oil products faithfully.

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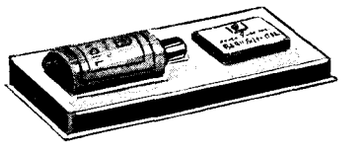

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Harold P. Bock—*General Manager*

☆

Illustrated Brochure Sent upon Request

THE GREAT RABBIT MYSTERY

THE other day, while doing some research, I came across a handsome blue book entitled "American Nicknames, Their Origin and Significance," by George Earlie Shankle, Ph.D., published in 1937 by the H. W. Wilson Company of New York.

Here is a book! This Dr. Shankle brings to his task an ingratiating style, a stern honesty, the instincts of a ferret, and rare powers of ratiocination. He has opened up a treasure house of facts which hitherto had been buried in the realm of hearsay and speculation.

For example, he says that the redoubtable Captain William Clark was called "Red Hair" and "Red Head" by the Indians of the Northwest Territory because they admired his thick red hair. He finds that the witty and able Tom Corwin, long ago Governor of Ohio, was called "Black Tom" because of his swarthy complexion. He has discovered that Debs Garms, the outfielder who played with Pittsburgh for a time, was called "Tex" by his associates because he was born in Texas, and because he first played baseball in that state. We also learn that the late Lou Gehrig was called "The Iron Man of Baseball" because of his durability and "Larrupin' Lou" "because he was such an excellent batter."

Thus far we've seen Shankle at his best. He takes Daniel Wolsey Voorhees, a onetime senator from Indiana, in his stride; Senator V. was called "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" because he was tall, because the Wabash River is in Indiana, and because there are sycamores on its banks. The Doctor also holds up pretty well when he comes to a character like William H. Murray, the former Governor of Oklahoma, who was known as "Alfalfa Bill" because he advocated growing alfalfa, and as "The Sage of Tishomingo" because he lived in a place called Tishomingo and was accounted something of a wise man.

THE Shankle book is so excellent, and fills such a long-felt want, that it may seem ungracious to regret that the Doctor did not consult some of us local experts before he rushed into print. He obviously is conscientious, but he must be a somewhat cloistered scholar. When he comes to James J. Walker, the former Mayor, he says that his nickname was "Father of the New York State Boxing Bill." That, Dr. Shankle, is not a nickname; it's merely a vague identification. Moreover, it is boxing "law," not "bill." In the old days Mr. Walker was referred to either as "Jimmy" or as "The Little Fellow." The Doctor says that Jimmy Wilde, the once-great flyweight fighter, was known as "The Welsh Wonder." Maybe they did call him that in Great Britain, but over here we knew him as "The Mighty Atom." He was a mighty pugilist and he was small, like an atom—see, Doctor?

In the case of William Walker, the filibusterer, who was knocked off by a firing squad in Central America, we learn from the book that as a child in Tennessee, Walker was known as "Missy" and "Honey" because of his effeminate appearance and mannerisms, but that later, when he grew up and began raising hell, he was known as "The Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny." Is that a nickname? Did Walker's old pals, who had been used to saying "Hi there, Honey," fall readily into saying "Hello, you old Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny"? Another bit of quibbling: Shankle, it seems to me, was careless in omitting such persons as Waite Hoyt ("The Brooklyn Schoolboy"), Ace Hudkins ("The Nebraska Wildcat"), Jack Johnson ("The Big Smoke" or "Little Arthur"), John McGraw ("The Little Napoleon" or "Muggsy"), and Arthur Brisbane ("Double-Dome" or "Big George"). The water wasn't getting too deep for you there, was it, Doc?

IT is when Dr. Shankle comes to the nickname "Rabbit" that I have most admiration for him, for here he is an author who is not afraid to come right out and confess that he is stumped. He lists the following three Americans as having been called "Rabbit":

Because he is a swift runner, *Rabbit* is the sobriquet attributed to Walter James Maranville, who was born at Springfield, Mass., on November 11, 1891, and who formerly played first base in major league baseball. [Maranville was a shortstop, not a first baseman, but we'll let that pass.]

The nickname, *Rabbit*, has been applied to Harold Benton Warstler, who was born at North Canton, Ohio, on September 15, 1904, and who plays infield in major league baseball; but the writer was unable to ascertain why he was so designated.

Donald Eric McNair, who was born at Meridian, Miss., on April 12, 1910, and who plays infield in major league baseball, was nicknamed *Rabbit*; but the writer was unable to ascertain why he was so designated.

Here, indeed, is a problem calculated to drive the most patient compiler nuts. May I, Doctor, lend you a hand in your

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US: If your favorite romps home to win the wreath of roses today, we dare say you'll be having a drink.

MAN: Win, place or show—I'm having a Mint Julep!

US: Good. But first we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: I've been meaning to, but . . .

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predicament? I submit two suppositious case histories, which may prove suggestive if you want to pursue your studies further:

One time the Cincinnati baseball team, with which Warstler was playing, were sitting around in the lobby of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia, waiting to play Mr. Gerald ("Gerry") Nugent's Phillies, when a lady walked past. Warstler, thinking he knew her, rose and lifted his hat. Then, realizing he did not know her, he said, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I thought you were Miss Biddle." The lady passed on. Bill ("Deacon") McKechnie, manager of the Cincinnati team ("Reds"), chuckled softly and said, "Warstler, you ain't got no more sense than a rabbit." The name stuck.

Now as to McNair: It seems that Donald Eric McNair used to work for Mr. Connie Mack ("Cornelius McGillicuddy"), manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. One night the Athletics, after a game with the Browns in St. Louis, had gone to a little restaurant where all the waiters were Negroes. Ballplayers, as is well known, are heavy eaters. McNair, ravenous, ate everything served him and then asked the waiter ("George") to bring him another plate of lettuce, with a little dash of French dressing. "George" smiled and remarked, more to himself than to the company, "That Mr. McNair sho do like his lettuce, yassuh! A regular rabbit, he is." This innocent remark, perfectly natural in the circumstances, was overheard by the other players, who thenceforth delighted in ribbing McNair and calling him "Rabbit." It is said that McNair took it all in good part.

Sometime, Dr. Shankle, you must ask me for my theories about why "Big-Foot" Wallace, the celebrated scout, was so called and why Sam Houston was known among his friends the Cherokee Indians as "The Big Drunk."

—STANLEY WALKER

•

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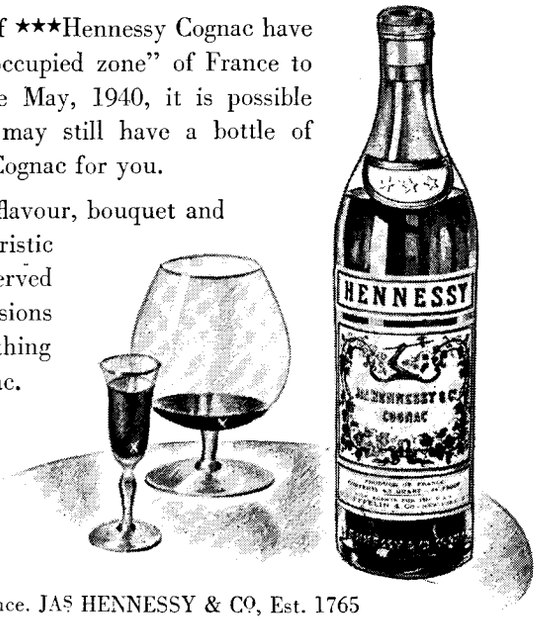

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

AFTER THE MEN HAVE GONE

WAY back when England was still uneasily at peace, the National Council of Social Service in London was trying to figure out means of helping the British family in wartime. The Council and its public-spirited chairman, Sir Wyndham Deedes, had the foresight to see, at a time when few were being conspicuously foresighted, that war would certainly unleash a whole flock of new problems on the harassed civilian population. Plenty of things besides bombs, it was realized, can threaten families in a nation at war. Separation of parents and children, new surroundings, worry over relatives in wrecked communities, financial difficulties made acute by rising prices and the absence of the breadwinner—any one of these things and many others may bedevil a family which in peacetime was snug and sound. The Council felt that the well-to-do would usually be better equipped to deal with such troubles than the humble, inarticulate masses, who have no influential friends, who often can't make head or tail of the cultured announcements of the B.B.C., and to whom arranging for a rations book or a pensions claim is as alarming a chore as an exercise in Sanskrit. It was for the benefit of such people that the Council evolved the idea of setting up a series of Citizens Advice Bureaus. Each of these was to serve its community, in a rather more warm and personal way than the ordinary welfare organization, by trying to help smooth out the perplexities of families, especially those in which the menfolk were away. In short, the bureaus were to act as a sort of superhumanly good neighbor, ready to deal with anything, from a lovers' quarrel to a pension claim, from the tragedy of death to the pinprick of a lost clothes-rationing card.

As a result of determined spadework by the Council, a hundred and thirty bureaus were opened to the public right on the deadline—in September, 1939. There are now about a thousand of them all over England, a hundred and seventy in the London area alone, each of them dealing with up to two thousand troubled callers a month. Expenses, which are relatively low, as practically all of the workers are volunteers, are met by the Council, a publicly supported philanthropic organization which is helped out by a grant from the government. The bureaus were at their busiest during the big air raids of late 1940, when crowds of anxious citizens poured in daily with such pressing questions as how to evacuate their children, how to claim compensation for lost furniture, how to get a handout of clothes or food, or how to go about locating their youngest daughter, Emily, who lived in Coventry and hadn't written for three weeks. Now there isn't such a rush of callers, but the idea of how helpful the bureaus can be has thoroughly caught on.

Wanting to find how the project was working, I arranged to spend an afternoon recently with one of the Council's representatives, a Miss Mackinnon, who helps keep an eye on some of the bureaus in the London area. I met her at the organization's headquarters in Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, and we set out together to visit the bureau at Mitcham, a district about twenty minutes' journey by Underground from central London. On the way, Miss Mackinnon, a forceful lady with the stride of a Guardsman and the smile of one accustomed to coaxing refractory borough officials into good humor, told me about the part she had played in setting up bureaus just before the war. The first step in any community, she said, was to solicit local municipal support, and the town clerk was usually the gentleman to whom the idea had to be sold. On the whole, she had found that town clerks had very little realistic grasp of what an upheaval war was going to make in the habits and thought processes of a nation. "The customary answer was 'If there's anything people want to know, the Town Hall will be able to tell them,' " Miss Mackinnon said in her pleasant baritone. "However, I worked out a method of approach eventually. I happened to belong to the London Gardens Society at the time. If the town clerk had a garden—and he usually had—I found that ten minutes' chat about flowering shrubs would leave him consider-

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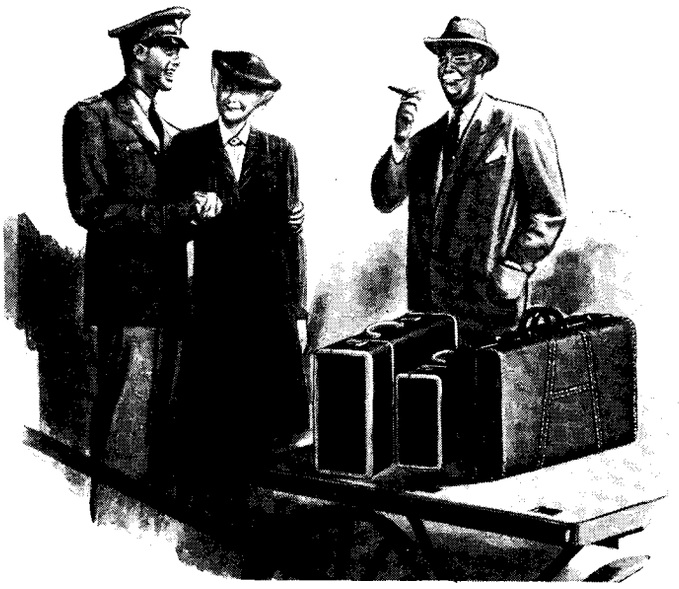
ably softened and ready to coöperate. The next step would be to call a meeting of the local social workers and ask for volunteers. Then inexpensive quarters were rented and the bureau was ready to do business."

Miss Mackinnon said that any new bit of government legislation invariably brings a flood of questioners; the clothes-rationing scheme, for instance, has netted a quarter of a million inquiries to date. She was proud of the fact that, aside from the immediate good they do the public, the bureaus are piling up a considerable quantity of information on social conditions, which has already had at least one beneficial effect on people's lives. This was a raise in the War Services Grant, a special allowance made to the families of men in the armed forces who, when they were earning good money in peacetime, took on commitments which the ordinary separation allowance simply does not provide for. The bureaus, backed by records of every such case of hardship which they encountered, were instrumental in bringing about the necessary legislation for the increased grant. Miss Mackinnon and her associates carry on an unceasing war of their own to wrest fresh concessions from lethargic authorities. "We keep at them," she said. "The bureaus collect the evidence and when we've got enough, we can often start something."

BY this time we had reached the Mitcham bureau, which was situated in a rather forlorn-looking Victorian house set back from the street among shrubbery. On the door, above the Citizens Advice emblem—a sagacious blue owl—was a sign which said "Walk in." We walked in and found a big, drafty room with peeling, distempered walls. Four interviewers were busy at desks dealing with the inquiries of the citizens, mostly women, who, as they waited their turn, sat about, clutching umbrellas, string bags, and restive children. I was introduced to Mrs. Pember, the head of the bureau, a handsome, gray-haired woman who looked a little like Mrs. Churchill, and to an interviewer named Mrs. Norman, who was French. Miss Mackinnon and Mrs. Pember had to attend a committee meeting, so I sat down beside Mrs. Norman and waited to see what would happen at her desk. The first person to approach was a stout, elderly woman with a nice little girl, who turned out to be her youngest daughter.

"Let me see. You have been here before, haven't you?" said Mrs. Norman.

"Ow, yes. I've been up 'ere before,



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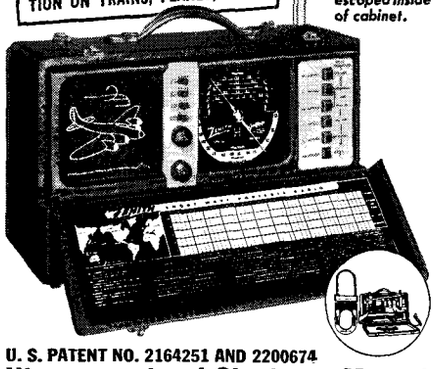

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all right," said the woman bitterly. "Nime of Clark."

Her manner was truculent but verging on the tearful, too. There were an anchor-shaped brooch and several regimental badges disposed about her person, indicating a connection with all the services—a connection, it soon developed, that was very real. "I've come about my son," she said. "The one wot's in the Navy. Wot *was* in the Navy, I should say. 'E was killed ten months ago." She swallowed convulsively. "I don't think I'm being treated right. Are they going to give me any compensation for my son or are they not? That's wot I've come 'ere to find out."

"They are paying you a pension, are they not?" asked Mrs. Norman mildly.

Mrs. Clark said that they were, but she didn't seem to think that this was enough. Mrs. Norman went to the files to get the woman's card. While she was gone, the little girl started sucking her magenta woollen gloves, and her mother said sharply, "Stop that, Marina!" She explained to me that the Duchess of Kent had been married the week before the glove-sucker was born, and hence the loyal flight of fancy in naming the child. "Otherwise, we stick to the same nimes in our family," she said. "My 'usband, 'e was in the Army in the last war—gassed, too. 'E's a Percy, and my nephew in the Marines is Percy, and my son in the Navy's Percy, too." Her florid face quivered. "*Was* Percy, I should say."

Mrs. Norman came back with the card, glanced at it, and said, "I see you've got another son in the Air Force."

"That's right. Just got 'is props up. 'E's a good boy, too."

"Does he help to support you?" asked Mrs. Norman, and Mrs. Clark said that he did. Mrs. Norman explained that if such were not the case the woman's pension for the dead son would be greater. Mrs. Clark indicated that she thought this was beside the point.

"Wot I say is I ought to 'ave a lump sum down," she said. "I ought to 'ave compensation for my son. I'm sick of all these forms to fill out. Nothing but forms, forms, forms. That won't bring me my son back, will it?"

"We can write a letter for you," said Mrs. Norman, "but at the moment it seems as though everything is in order. I'm so sorry, Mrs. Clark. There seems little we can do this time, but come back and tell us if anything develops, won't you?"

"You'll 'ear from me again all right. You can't tike a good boy away from

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'is 'ome and kill 'im and then give 'is mother nothing," announced Mrs. Clark, getting to her feet and leading Marina toward the door.

Mrs. Norman sighed and said, "Who's next?," glancing vaguely and benignly over the top of her horn-rimmed spectacles toward the row of waiting people. A bright-faced young woman carrying a baby sidled up and murmured confidentially, "Am I too late for seeds, Miss?"

"What?" said Mrs. Norman, looking startled.

"Seed potatoes," said the young woman. "I had a letter from my husband in Egypt, and he said I was to dig up our back garden and plant it with everything I could." She giggled. "I never done any gardening before, but we've all got to try, haven't we?"

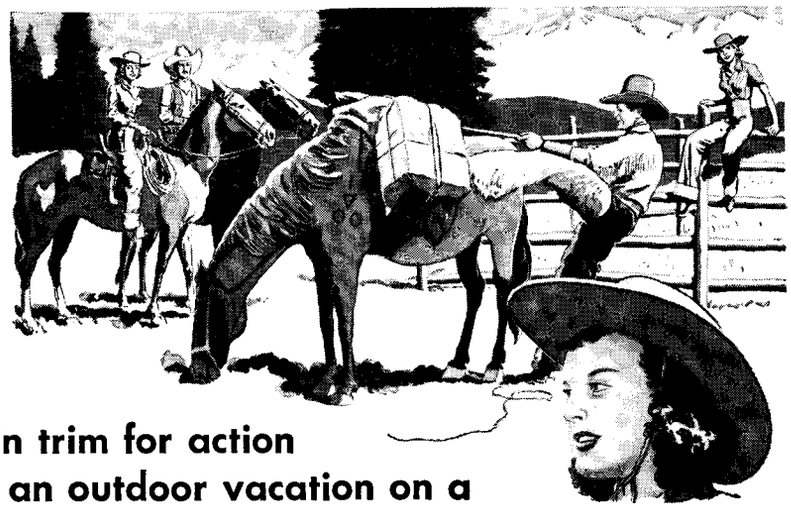
"Of course," said Mrs. Norman. "Wait while I find the form."

She hunted on her crowded desk until she found a set of blanks on which people who have a bit of back yard to cultivate can order seeds cheaply through the government. The young woman decided that she would like half a crown's worth of seed potatoes and a mixed collection of vegetable seeds.

"Any fertilizers?" asked Mrs. Norman.

"My husband didn't say anything about that," said the young woman timidly. "Just dig, he said."

That seemed final enough, so the young wife went away to dig. The woman who took her place wanted to know if the bureau could get some money for her from the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Families Association to pay for moving a bombed-out daughter-in-law's furniture. "I've never asked nothing from nobody before," she kept insisting, "but with all me family doing their bit, I thought, 'Why shouldn't I ask now?' " She was a crushed-looking creature, apparently, from what she said, possessed of innumerable daughters and daughters-in-law, all of them pregnant, and I wondered if Mrs. Norman could follow her rambling story, which sounded to me a good deal like one of the involved lists of patriarchal begetters in the Old Testament. Mrs. Norman seemed to manage all right, however, picking this necessary fact and that out of the other's rambling chatter, putting them down on a form, and finally saying, "Sign here, please." The woman signed, and then, getting up to leave, delivered a brief valedictory. "So I'm going along to the station," she said, "to meet me other daughter, who's coming up with her



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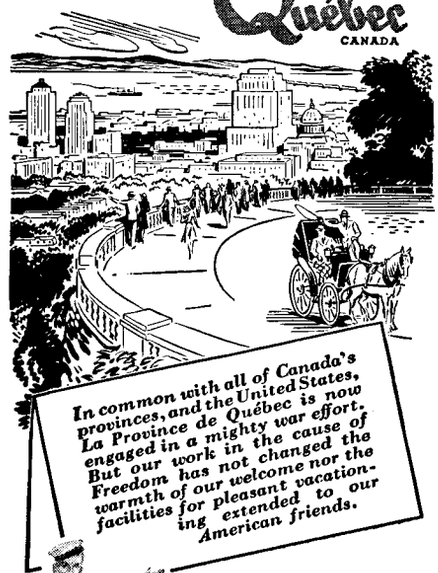

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TOURIST BUREAU
QUÉBEC - CANADA

29M

kiddy from Devonshire. As God above's me judge, I've had a stomachful of that evacuation—regular got me down, it has. When you're together you can give each other a hand. That's what I say."

Just then an elderly woman entered the room and bustled straight over to Mrs. Norman. As she came near, it was clear that she had been crying. "Remember me, dearie?" she asked tragically. "I'm Mrs. Kent."

Mrs. Norman, who had shown no sign of recognition, said politely that of course she remembered. "And how are you today, Mrs. Kent?" she asked.

Mrs. Kent was obviously not very well. "I 'ad to come right over and tell you the bad news, dearie," she said. "Little Bobbie's dead."

Mrs. Norman looked concerned but vague. "Bobbie?" she said uncertainly. "I'm so sorry to hear it, Mrs. Kent. Was he—uh—sick long?"

"'E never got over the shock of the bombings, pore little dear," said Mrs. Kent, sobbing. "When I comes in this morning, there 'e was, stiff at the bottom of 'is cage and all 'is pretty yellow feathers frumpled up around 'im."

It turned out that Mrs. Kent wanted nothing for Bobbie but sympathy, which Mrs. Norman gave her, and she went away somewhat cheered. At this point, Mrs. Pember came back from her committee meeting and asked if I'd like to join her at her desk. We sat down together and she beckoned to a woman who so obviously had something on her mind that she had been sitting on the edge of her chair, leaning forward with one foot some inches behind the other, like a sprinter toeing the line. When Mrs. Pember beckoned, she hurried across the room, flopped down at the desk, and said, "Name of Mrs. Moore and it's about Dad. You remember Dad. You 'elped to get 'im into 'ospital that time 'e was took bad."

"What's wrong with him now?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"Well," said Mrs. Moore, "it's like this. I'm thinking of taking a job in a factory, as we've all got to do something and I need the cash. But what's going to 'appen to Dad? 'E can't be left on 'is own—'e's 'elpless as a child, you might say. I 'ave to do every mortal thing for 'im. And eat!" She laughed bitterly. "You wouldn't think an old codger like 'im would 'ave the stomach of an 'orse, would you? But with the rations and all, it's terrible sometimes to get enough to give 'im. What with George in Egypt and the kid evacuated to Wales and nothing to do but move the old man about like a blooming bit of furniture, it fair drives me potty. So I says to myself, 'I'll clear out and get a job.'"

"I understand perfectly," said Mrs. Pember. "But isn't there another member of the family who could take charge of your father for a while?"

"There's my sister," said Mrs. Moore dejectedly, "but she's got 'er own troubles. Dad's always made 'is 'ome with me. And then supposing the blitz starts again. I'd be wondering all the time if the neighbors 'ad remembered to run in and fetch 'im to the shelter or if 'e was just sitting there like an 'elpless old baby."

"I think there's a vacancy in the hostel for old people," said Mrs. Pember. "We could get him in there for you and he'll be very comfortable and happy."

Mrs. Moore thought that was a fine solution, helped fill out the necessary papers, and went off, looking considerably relieved. Mrs. Pember said that elderly folk were one of the most pathetic problems of wartime. "Especially while the raids were on," she said. "We had people coming in all the time and asking us to find billets for parents or grandparents who couldn't be getting down to shelters all the time. These hostels for old people, both men and women, give them the trained attention they need and save their families worry. It's a big relief to people who are on war jobs."

IT was getting on toward the end of the afternoon, but more women kept coming in. Most of them were dressed as if they had hurried over from their kitchens; they wore aprons under their coats, and their heads, from which they had obviously just snatched off curlers, were wrapped around with scarves. They spread the official forms out with worn, red hands and looked confidingly at their interviewers, like children certain that the grownups will know all the answers. After taking care of a couple more cases, Mrs. Pember decided that the other interviewers could clean up the rest of the day's work and settled back to tell me of some of the problems she has to meet most frequently. Very often, she said, a wife whose husband has gone to war, leaving her with a small business to run, comes in to ask for advice, or the husband himself writes a long,

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worried letter from some sand dune in Libya, asking the bureau to pop along and see if Maggie is managing the shop all right and keeping up the payments on the mortgage. The bureau does what it can in such cases, but if things seem to be in too nasty a tangle, it passes the matter along to one of the National Council's legal advisers, who are always on tap.

The bureaus also have been helpful in tracing missing persons, Mrs. Pember said. After air raids, distracted soldiers and sailors have frequently turned up and explained that they had come back on leave and found their neighborhood flattened and no sign of the wife and kids. The bureaus have such an enormous clientele that they can nearly always find someone who will know where the wife has gone. Sometimes the bureaus are asked to trace people who have simply walked out into the war and not come back. Mrs. Pember recalled an epic hunt for a young girl who left her family's home and stayed away for two years. "Our only clue was that she'd been seen posting a letter in Tooting," she said. With this one fact as an unpromising starter, the bureau managed to track her down and finally restore her, accompanied by one or two little complications in the shape of illegitimate children, to the bosom of her family.

Mrs. Pember said that things like illegitimate children were right up the bureau's alley. "They often happen in wartime," she said, "and we don't take any sort of a moral attitude about them. If a girl comes in here and says that she has a baby and isn't married, we simply say, 'All right. Now, how can we help? Do you want some money or what?'" Problems of this nature in turn create other problems, as when the bureau is called upon to convince suspicious parents that a daughter going off to a strange town to work in a munitions factory won't necessarily be billeted with Mother Goddam.

A special concern of Mrs. Pember's bureau is the large gypsy element in Mitcham, a survival of the days when this part of London was all fields and famous for its lavender farms tended by the Romanys. The descendants of these people pick quarrels instead of lavender and, as regularly as Monday, come around to the bureau to get Mrs. Pember to referee. I gathered that it's a smoldering, exhausting sort of morning when they're in. One gypsy husband, who is in the Army, wrote and begged the bureau to find his young wife a job that would leave her good and

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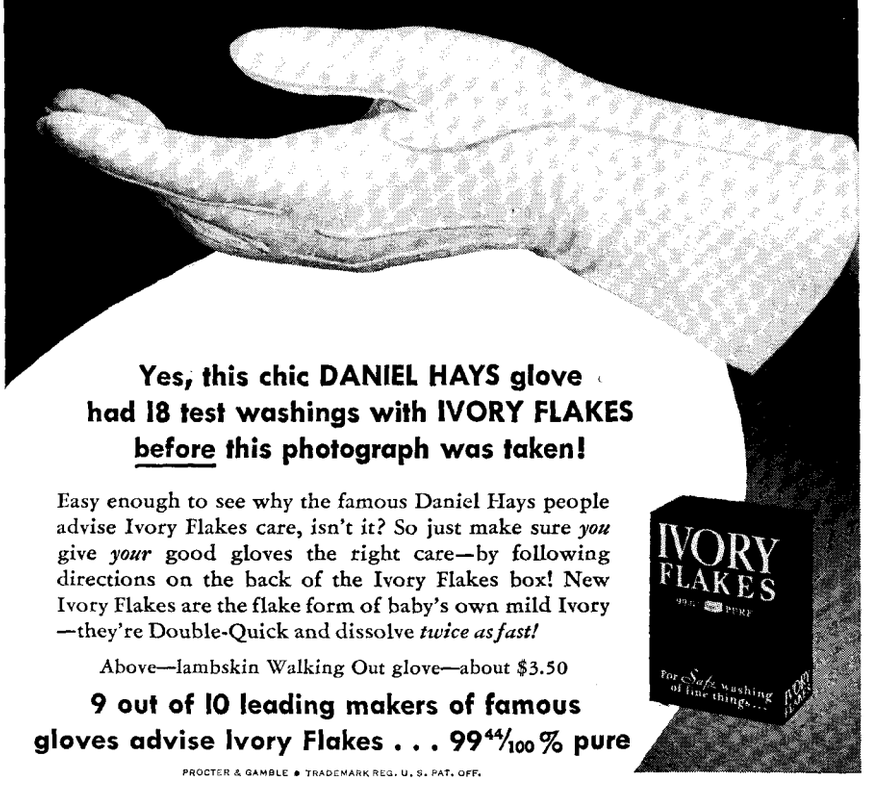

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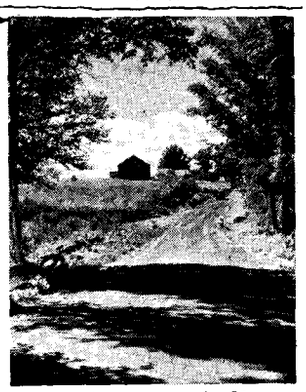

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tired in the evenings. "If she works twelve hours a day, she'll keep steady," he explained. Mrs. Pember managed to comply with his request. Recently, however, the beaming young wife came around lugging in her shawl a new little puling Romany for the bureau's blessing, and Mrs. Pember reached the sad conclusion that gypsy blood will roam.

THE interviewers were winding up their last cases for the day. Mrs. Pember and I went to look for Miss Mackinnon, who was still talking to some of her committee members. As we reached the door, a shabby old woman whom I had seen being interviewed at another desk was leaving. "Good night, Mrs. Appleby," said Mrs. Pember. "Have you heard from that fine son of yours lately?" Evidently unaccustomed to being recognized at the bureau, the old woman looked startled for a moment, then shyly pleased. "No, Ma'am," she said. "I ain't heard from Jamie, and that's why I'm here. Matter of fact, I ain't heard from him in a long time, but the lady at the desk over there tells me I should be hearing soon. But I don't know now, it's been so long." She paused, and then smiled hopefully. "I don't like to trouble you people here, Ma'am," she said, "and so long as I heard from Jamie regular, I never did. But now he ain't writing, I've taken to stopping in every few days, even if I ain't got much reason to. You see, Ma'am, it sort of helps."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The plane flew in radio silence, its route unknown only to a few officials.—*Washington News.*

Who probably weren't considered worth bothering about.

•

The cottages and cabins, of five to seven rooms, are light and airy, furnished completely except for linens and silverware, comfortable beds, good cook stoves, running water, screened verandas . . .—*From a resort booklet.*

Never mind; don't go on.

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT
(DULL BOY DIVISION)

[*From the Hartford Courant*]

Architect Hollis W. Kincaid has opened an office at 7 South Main Street, West Hartford. For the past two years he has been employed in the public works department of the state. Mr. Kincaid will specialize in work.

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Laura Lee Burroughs

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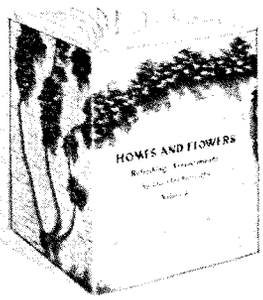

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TABLES FOR TWO

Return of Some Natives

LOOKING through the match covers in my pockets, I find that I have been hanging around the Rainbow Room again, which reminds me that so has Billy de Wolfe and that it no longer seems hard to decide whether he is, by and large, funny or, on the whole, not funny. The scales have tipped perceptibly in favor of the latter estimate. He has a couple of new numbers in his repertory—new to me, that is—which do not raise the general standard, and the old ones, it turns out on second view, don't wear particularly well. His imitation of a smart night-club pianist and reciter of immodest lyrics (a man called, for the purpose of dissimulation, Bright Diske) leaves you with only a cloudy notion as to how much was actually imitation and how much was the real de Wolfe showing through. He is at his best when giving his impression of a second-rate chorus line, an offering which requires a certain amount of nimble action and no speech. On the same program with Mr. de Wolfe are Eleanor French, who sings within a range of half an octave, and Helen Tamiris, who is the first modern dancer to win my enthusiasm, if that will exhilarate her any. The Rainbow Room has come up from time to time with a number of modern dancers, most of whom wore funny hats and no shoes and were something of a puzzle generally, but Miss Tamiris seems perfectly rational and yet a sure-enough artist at the same time. She performs to the Negro spiritual "Jericho" and convinces you that Joshua caused the walls to come tumbling down by simply dancing like hell in front of them. One possible secret of Miss Tamiris's success is that she not only looks like a poem in motion but is no slouch standing still, either.

Paul Draper is back at the Waldorf, in the Wedgwood Room, and continuing to prove that a thin man can perspire as freely as a fat one. He is another dancer who will please the severest choreographobe, if there is such a thing, and there is. In any case, most of the Wedgwood customers, whatever their feelings about dancing in general, are such strong Draper fans and keep him so hard at work that they may be re-

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GRANDPA: On the same match as mine! Ahhh . . . .

MRS. CLEARY: (*smoking happily*) Thanks. After a session with little Peter here, no cigarette's like an Old Gold . . .

GRANDPA: That something new* they've added sure gives it a grand new flavor . . .

JOHN: Lots of people I know are changing to 'em.

MRS. CLEARY: They're *delicious.*

GRANDPA: And make smoking more pleasant than ever.

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warded some evening by seeing him melt away into a small puddle. When this happens they will probably feel that he is just being shy and go right on yelling for "Blue Danube." Dinah Shore is still a Wedgwood attraction, too, and is still singing "Blues in the Night," although she seems to have got tired of the middle part and has taken to leaving it out. Her encores are one or two short of Mr. Draper's but enough to gratify the most demanding girlish pride.

The musical accompaniment for these marathoners is furnished by Freddy Martin, who has a pleasant orchestra and does his listeners the favor of omitting accordions. The accordion is a rasping instrument, originally peculiar to ferryboats, which has crept ashore during the past eight or ten years and is now apparently able to thrive at long distances from any body of water. For a while it was confined to cocktail parties, where it was played by fellows named Carlos, who always got drunk a little faster than the guests and consequently had to put down their heavy instruments early in the proceedings in order to keep their balances. Bit by bit, however, it has wormed its way into loftier musical circles and can now be heard throughout the evening as a part of a great many night-club orchestras. Here it has no place whatsoever. It cannot be worked into any well-knit orchestration except for an occasional solo, when it is cruelly exposed to the listener in all its naked discordance. Common humanity calls for its return to the ferryboat, which may be replaced by the suspension bridge, anyhow.

ANOTHER old night-club trouper who is back at her stand is Hildegarde (I forget her last name). The Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza is Hildegarde's bailiwick, as everybody knows, and "The Last Time I Saw Paris" is her specialty. The last time I saw Hildegarde she was still calling it "Payris" in her familiar Latin accent and taking the audience to her bosom in her lovable Latin exuberance. She is unquestionably a fine lady to look at, if not the most gifted singer in the world, and the lighting in the Café Lounge sets her off nicely. If you can't get a good view of the actual Hildegarde from your table, you can look at the wall and watch her shadow, which is clearly defined and about four times life size.

Tony's, on West Fifty-second Street, not to be confused with Tony's, Tony's, Tony's, or Tony's, is now more or less

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Cy Walter's. Mr. Walter, if you haven't heard him, is a more than tolerable pianist who has an especially large following among radio folk. He can be heard by an acute ear at Tony's as his music rises now and then above the cries of the gin-rummy players, the radio folk having chosen this elementary game to while away the time when their favorite is at the piano. When he finishes a number, they clap, shout a request at him, and then get back to drowning him out with their rummy. Another feature of Tony's is that it is locked up like a speakeasy on Sundays and you get in by ringing a bell and presenting a card that you can pick up on weekdays. This nostalgic touch may beguile you or not, according to your taste for nostalgia, or, more important, the prohibition era, but whatever your reaction, it's not much trouble to ring a bell.

The Coq Rouge is a pleasant spot for uninterrupted dancing, having no formal entertainment, a couple of small orchestras, and only one accordion. The major hazard is the almost constant sight of yourself in two large mirrors on the walls, which can cause you to stumble dangerously. Some guests have got around this peril by fixing their eyes on their reflections and never taking them off, operating, as it were, by remote control. Not everybody, of course, can be happy throughout an evening of studying his own dancing. . . . Further investigation of the doings in the Pierre's Cotillion Room reveals that Ella Logan had to get away to a benefit the night I saw her there and that on any other evening she would have stayed around longer than the four minutes reported here a while ago. It doesn't matter now, as Miss Logan has since left the Cotillion Room, but I just want to show that I can be as charitable as the next Scotch-ballad singer.

—D. E. L.

•

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[Card a patient at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco found on her breakfast tray]

Good Morning!
You've had better mornings. And you'll have your best ones later, because you are now in Saint Luke's Hospital.
Every part of this Hospital, every facility, every person, is here for your comfort—to bring you to Good Health.
Everyone at Saint Luke's knows you are not well—that's why you are here! We want you to get well—that's why we are here!
So then, it's a glad Good Morning and a speedy Good Health!
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YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, NAPOLEON

MOST of my knowledge of military affairs consists of stuff like "The pen is mightier than the sword" and "The battles of Britain are won on the playing fields of Eton." There is only one of these military maxims I can personally vouch for, though —Napoleon's pronouncement that "an army marches on its stomach."

I know all about that one, and Napoleon was dead right. I got on a train in Washington a couple of weeks ago and rode to New York with a portion of our armed forces and saw them travelling just that way.

The coach in which I took a seat was mostly occupied by privates and noncommissioned officers, evidently on leave. There were not more than a dozen civilians like myself in the car. At Aberdeen, Maryland, a husky young private came in and sat down next me. He kept looking at his wristwatch and seemed to be worried about something. After squirming a good deal, he leaned forward and tapped one of the soldiers sitting in the seat ahead of us on the shoulder.

"What time we get into N'Yawk, Mac?" he asked.

"We're due in about seven," said the soldier in front.

My companion looked at his watch again. "Geez, it's oney happast four an' I'm starvin' awready!"

"Yuh hungry, huh?" said the other soldier, with great interest.

"I'm starvin'."

"Where yuh from?"

"Aberdeen. The provin' grounds."

"Dintcha eat before yuh left?"

"Yeah, sure I ate. I ate dinner, but that wuz a coupla hours ago."

"Oh, yuh ate, huh? Wadja have?"

"Chile con carne."

Both soldiers in front were looking back at my seat companion now. "We had steak 'n' potatoes," said the one by the window smugly.

I looked to see how the boy next to me took that. He licked his lips and swallowed. "We had chawclit pecan cake for dessert," he said.

The boys ahead of us exchanged glances. "We had that last week," said the one on the aisle. "Di'n't we, Joe?"

Joe looked thoughtful. "Yeah, on Tuesday," he said. "We had chawclit pecan cake Tuesday. When we had the roast pork. Remember, Sam?" Sam nodded.

My companion looked discouraged. "We don' get in till seven, huh?" he said.

Sam nodded. "But there's a dining car," he said encouragingly. "Yuh could eat in the dining car."

Joe snorted. "Yeah, an' pay haffa buck for a cuppa cawfee."

"Well," replied Sam, "yuh can get some sanwiches off the boy. They gotta boy sellin' sanwiches an' cawfee, ain't they?"

Ten minutes or so later the boy with sandwiches and coffee came through the car. The soldier next to me, the ones in front, and, in fact, most of the men in uniform bought something or other. A little later the boy came through the car again, with magazines and candy. The soldier sitting with me bought some candy. He offered a piece to Sam and Joe. "No thanks," said Joe, "it'll spoil my appetite. We'll be in N'Yawk in a coupla hours."

My companion laughed bitterly. "Yuh couldn't spoil my appetite," he said. "I could eat a cow all up. If I hadda cow right now, I'd tear a steak offa him. I could eat a whole chicken. Yuh get chicken in your outfit?"

"Yeah, once inna while," said Sam, "but I'd rather have meat 'n' potatoes, though, any time."

"Yuh don' like chicken?" asked my companion incredulously. "Fried chicken?"

Sam shrugged. "It's awright, but I like meat 'n' potatoes better, that's all. The oney thing is I like meat kinda rare, an' mosta the time it's well done, but anyway, I like it better well done than chicken any day."

By this time I was hungry myself, so great was the power of suggestion, and although I had had a large lunch before I got on the train, I went to the dining car and had a steak, rare, with French-fried potatoes, apple pie and cheese, and a pot of coffee.

I TOOK my time eating and it was almost an hour before I came back to my seat. Sam and Joe had turned their seat to face ours. They paid no attention to me except to look up at me as I sat down. "This place I wuz tellin' yuh about," Sam was saying, "gizz yuh a six-course dinner for fifty-five cents. They start off with an appetizer, like chopped liver, f'rinstance,

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an' then yuh get soup, an' then yuh get meat, the main course. An' before yuh even order anythin', the waiter brings over a big basket of rolls an' bread, an' a big plate fulla celery an' pickles an' radishes."

Joe and the soldier next to me seemed to be hypnotized as Sam went on glowingly about the remaining courses on this six-course dinner. Somehow, I suddenly began to feel slightly ill, so I got up and went to the vestibule and took a smoke and tried to think of something besides food, but the train seemed to be saying, "Meat 'n' potatoes, meat 'n' potatoes" as it rushed over the rails.

When we pulled into the Pennsylvania Station I went back to my seat to get my bag, and walked up the steps from the train level just behind my three travelling companions. "This rest'rant," I heard Sam say, "is up in the Bronx, near my house. It's about half an hour ride in the subway, but it's worth it. If yuh wanna ride up with us, I'll show yuh where it is."

I stopped to make a phone call and then took an escalator to the street. There was a Nedick stand at the head of the stairway and I glanced in as I passed it. The place was crowded. I saw Sam and Joe and my seat mate in there, all of them eating hot dogs to fortify themselves for the subway ride to the Bronx restaurant and the six-course dinner. —HYMAN GOLDBERG

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COUNTING-OUT RHYME

Six are continents ocean-flung;
Five, star-points in a window hung;

Four the Freedoms awaiting birth
In far corners of the earth;

Scarcer grow reserves of three—
Rubber, oil, and apathy;

Two are on the rise again—
Freight-car loadings, mortal pain;

One we saw forever go—
Ante-bellum status quo.

—MAURICE SAGOFF

•

Burton Holmes, father of the Travelogue, next season celebrates his fiftieth year on the lecture platform. Starting in very young, he still is a hale and hearty platform artist. His famous goatee may have turned from black to white, but his heart is as black as it ever was.—*Program, a Magazine for Program and Entertainment Committees.*

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FOR GARDEN LOVERS

FLOWER CUTTERS. (Top row), *Professional Type Pruner,* **$4.50.** *Wiltless Flower Cutter,* **$2.50.** *Hy-Power Pruner,* **$2.50.** (Bottom row): *Garden Club Shears,* **$1.60.** *Ladies' Snap Cut Pruner,* **$1.50.** *Garden Pride Shears,* **$1.00.**

FLOWER SPRINKLERS—of realistic design and color. Green stems; copper base. 18" high. Fits any garden hose. Tulip (left), **$3.50.** Rose (right), **$4.00.** Iris (not shown), **$4.50.**

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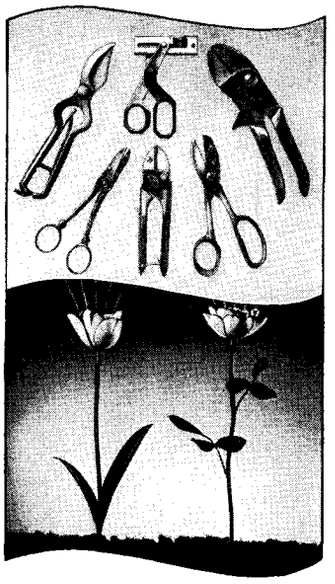

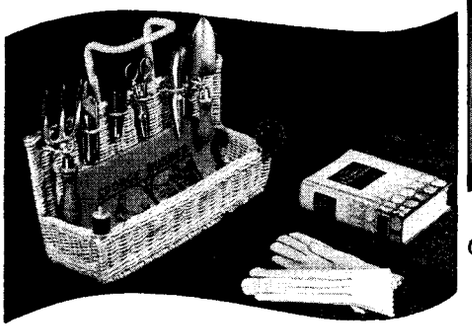

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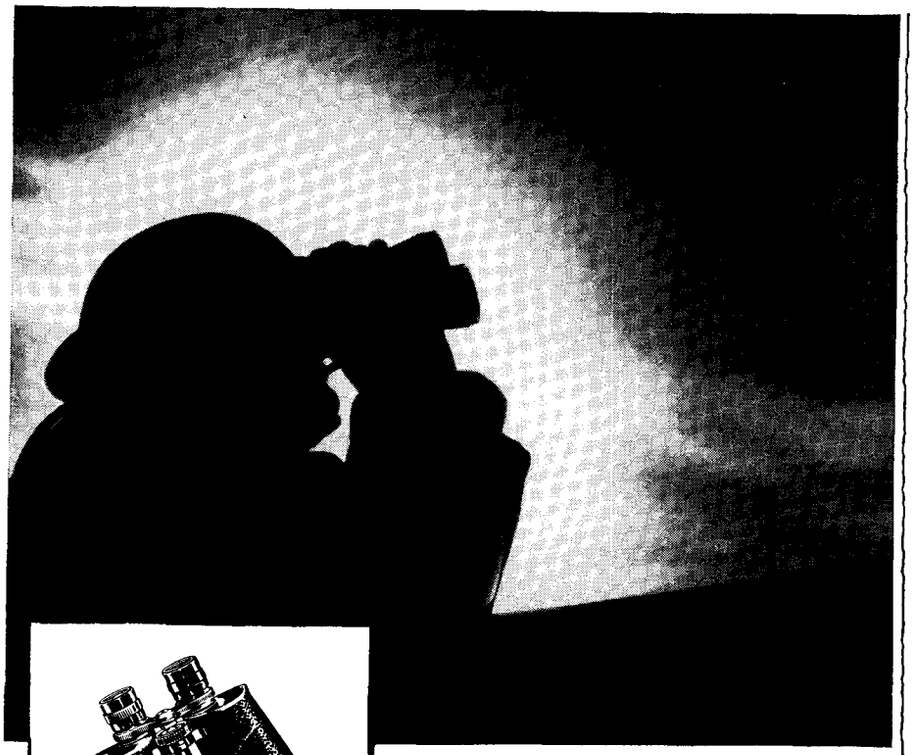

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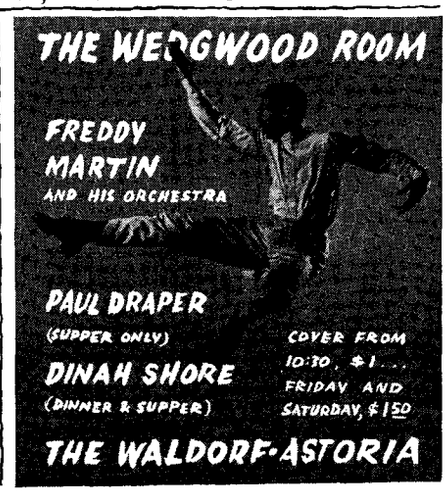

LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 5 (BY CABLE)

EASTER wasn't a full-length intermission between the acts this year; it was only a short breather between scenes. The government announcement that workers were to have one day's special holiday led to a little confusion among the shops, half of which put up their shutters on Good Friday while the other half reserved their rest day for the traditional bank-holiday Monday. The railways carried the lightest Easter traffic in years as the result of sternly publicizing the fact that only normal train services would be running and that brash trippers stood a very good chance of being left behind on the platform. Musical stay-at-home Londoners packed the Albert Hall on Friday to hear the Royal Choral Society give Handel's "Messiah." The horticulturally minded took their relaxation looking at the model vegetable plots along Park Lane and enjoying the really surprisingly rural vistas which the recent removal of iron railings, carted away for scrap, has opened up.

The weekend was also marked by the icumen in (from the official point of view, at least) of summer, as Double Summer Time was brought back to the accompaniment of the usual grumbles from mothers, who know the difficulties of hustling the young to bed when the clock says evening but the sun says high afternoon, and from agriculturists, who justifiably complain that little things like morning dews and the milking time of cows can't be adjusted to meet the scheme. The farmers' grievances, doubly important now that Britain must depend so much more on what her own acres can produce, have been countered by the Ministry of Agriculture's recommendation that farm workers should observe single-hour Summer Time and let the rest of the village go hang. The farm workers respond that this might be fine if it weren't for children of school age, who have to keep to the official timetable in their classrooms and consequently tangle up the family meal hours.

ASIDE from such local preoccupations, which made talk in British homes over Easter, the big subject of discussion was naturally the chances of

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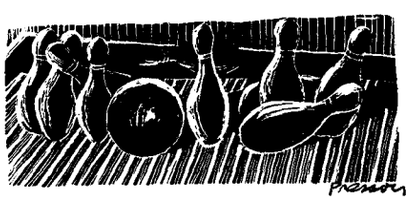
success of the Cripps mission to India. Though informed opinion has been dubious from the beginning, uninformed opinion has continued to cling to its belief that Sir Stafford is a miracle worker who will somehow pull an acceptable solution out of the bag. At the moment the attitude of the press, which started out hopeful and then became despondent, is back to hopeful again on the strength of Wavell's visit to New Delhi. There's a good deal of sympathy toward the Indian desire to have a leading say in defense matters, but no one seems to feel that this particular horse can change riders in midstream at such a dangerous moment without giving the parties who are watching from the bank a chance to nip in and take advantage. Britons can merely pray that the Indian leaders will realize that with the Japs sitting in the Andamans, Chandra Bose in Germany, and the situation in Burma not so good, this is no moment for arguing whether there are to be two men on the horse or only one.

Meanwhile, some of the results in human misery of the recent disasters are being totted up in the mounting lists of casualties and missing in the Far East. The *Times*' personal column carries the same sort of pathetic appeals from worried relatives that it did at the time of the collapse of France, only now information is sought about civilians last heard of in Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok, or Hong Kong instead of Paris, Lille, or Deauville. The feeling about the accusations of Japanese mistreatment of British prisoners is still so intense that the M. P. of a Kensington constituency has asked in the House of Commons how long his outraged constituents will have to endure the spectacle of the remaining members of the Japanese Embassy taking their peaceful supervised stroll in Kensington Gardens.

Incidentally, the *Times*, which publishes a daily extract from its columns of the corresponding date a hundred years ago, dug up the following topical note from its issue of April 5, 1842, when the Afghan War was uppermost in British minds: "The news so anxiously expected from India is at length arrived." By going on to say "there is not and we should be most thankful that there is not any fresh disaster to lament," it seemed to show that not only history



NAVY ANNOUNCEMENT TO COLLEGE FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES 17 THRU 19

. . . and High School Grads who are planning to go to college

You want to serve your country! Why not serve where your college training will do the most good? Under the Navy's newest plan, you can enlist now and continue in college. If you make a good record, you may qualify within two years to become a Naval Officer—on the sea or in the air.

Who may qualify

If you are between the ages of 17 and 19 inclusive and can meet Navy physical standards, you can enlist now as an Apprentice Seaman. You will be in the Navy. But until you have finished two calendar years, you will remain in college, taking regular college courses. Your studies will emphasize mathematics, physics and physical training.

After you have successfully completed 1½ calendar years of work, you will be given an examination prepared by the Navy. This examination is competitive—designed to select the best men for training as Naval Officers.

How to become an Officer

If you rank sufficiently high in the examination and can meet the necessary physical standards, you will have your choice of two courses—each leading to an officer's commission:

1. *You may volunteer for training as an Aviation Officer.* In this case you will be permitted to finish at least the second calendar year of college work, after which you will be ordered to active duty for training to become an officer-pilot.

2. *Or you will be selected for training as a Deck or Engineering Officer.* In this case you will be allowed to continue your college work until you have received your degree. After graduation you will be ordered to active duty for training to become a Deck or Engineering Officer.

If you do not qualify for special officer's training, you will be allowed to finish the second calendar year of college, after which you will be ordered to active duty at a Naval Training Station as Apprentice Seaman.

Those who fail to pass their college work at any time may be ordered to active duty at once as Apprentice Seamen.

Your pay starts with active duty.

Here's your chance to enlist in your country's service now without giving up your college training . . . a chance to prove by that same training that you are qualified to be an officer in the United States Navy.

DON'T WAIT . . . ACT TODAY

1. Take this announcement to the Dean of your college.
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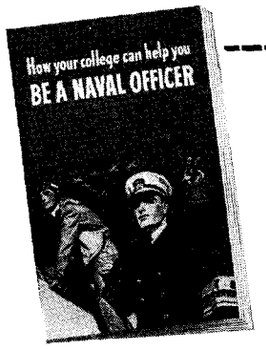

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but editorial writers repeat themselves once in a hundred years or so.

THE invasion season is officially due to open on April 15th, after which date people wishing to take a trip to the East or the South Coast must consult the police before setting out, but lots of Britons are wondering hopefully whether offensive action isn't going to originate on this side of the Channel instead of the other. The St. Nazaire action raised spirits wonderfully because it was considered possibly a sample of the shape of things to come, but not until after a nasty period of suspense during which the papers were unadroitly allowed to publish the German communiqué alleging complete failure without any accompanying British statement of success.

Last Sunday was militantly observed by a crowd of some thirty thousand people, who packed around Nelson's Column to hear speakers of every shade of political coloring declare that England expected a second front to be opened up this year. An orator in a Home Guard uniform got the biggest response of the proceedings when he inquired whether it was reasonable for the uninformed public, however much it wanted a second front, to try and tell the government and the High Command what they ought or ought not to do. The rousing answering shouts of "Yes!," though not quite the effect intended, must have carried nicely to nearby Whitehall and, it's hoped, reassuringly to far-off Moscow. The setup on that particular speaker's platform was a good illustration of a strong nationwide movement away from the traditional old party groupings of Tory, Liberal, and Labour—a movement which is becoming more and more evident in British political life. As the great formula of Empire is rearranging itself or being ruthlessly rearranged in new patterns every day, what is happening to domestic formulas is also of profound importance to the world of tomorrow.—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

WHICH LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

"Woman of the Year" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) was made to order for bold Katharine Hepburn. She saw to it that it was: she helped edit the script, sold it to Metro for an unprecedented $100,000.

—*Time, Feb. 16th.*

So taking a big-sisterly attitude towards the young authors, she [Katharine Hepburn] proceeded to help doctor their script and sell it to M-G-M as the work of some anonymous genius for $211,000, the highest price ever paid for an anonymous script.

—*Life, Feb. 16th.*

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

regret their inability to supply American friends with their

BISCUITS

The output of their factories at Reading is devoted to supplying His Majesty's Forces and helping feed the Home Front.

Huntley & Palmers will resume shipments after the war is won.

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. . . . because your make-up is Tourneur, the unique salon where powders, creams and lotions are hand blended to harmonize with your individual skin tones. Our skilled specialists analyze your skin texture, your coloring, and then prescribe your personal formula — held for you always — to bring an enchanting new sparkle to your complexion.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHENEVER any woman, whatever her age or size, murmurs her need for that fashion phenomenon known as the ensemble, it is my lazy habit to reply instantly that a small shop called Kathleen, at 118 East 60th Street, makes a fine art of the matter. Costumes are selected with as high a regard for the needs of the large woman or girl as for those of the slender one, and great consideration is given to the woman who must make a single ensemble do for many occasions.

A pink-and-green medallion-print dress with a draped bosom, worn under a long, green, collarless wool coat with straight lines, is typical of Kathleen, though the price, $135, is about her top. She's good at finding suits that fill a number of needs; a gray wool one, for instance, with a short, fitted jacket and self fringe trimming the lapels and edging the gored skirt, would be at home either in the country club or at a cocktail party in town. There's nothing hackneyed about navy-blue wool clothes on these premises; witness a suit with a tailored hipbone-length jacket, a slim skirt, and a pleasant shock in the way of a cerise, purple, and bright-blue taffeta waistcoat.

You'll find charming day dresses at prices which start at $22.95. Among them are navy sheers with a pleated frill down their fronts and tiny collars and cuffs of pink silk piqué, navy-blue crêpes with white gilets and orange pipings giving a low shoulder line, and black afternoon crêpes with long torsos and white lace ruffles trimming their deep, square necks. For evening, you'll come upon such charming things as a black crêpe with huge white polka dots, tying at the side in a bow to give a wrap-around effect; this is $29.95 in either dinner or (to order) street length. The street-length dinner dresses include a honey in black crêpe with a separate lace apron on a turquoise grosgrain sash; $25. Whatever you pay, Kathleen throws in as intelligent and friendly an atmosphere as you'll find in town.

IT has taken many years to make the walking shoe an aesthetic delight, but masters like Delman have at last worked out designs that are not only tremendously decorative but as comfortable as—well, as an old shoe. Delman is showing, at Bergdorf Goodman, wonderful calfskin pumps in various colors, which include a light parchment tan, and made with a square toe, a medium-square heel, and a huge, flat bow on the vamp; the trimming is double rows of saddle stitching, as on your favorite Mark Cross handbag. This type of shoe is also a triumph when made of a crushed calf that resembles pigskin in, say, navy blue with red stitching or a more conservative russet crushed calf with beige stitching. There are also unlined street pumps, so light in weight and flexible that you'll hardly believe it ($16.95); some are of a tan calf as highly polished as an officer's boot and have bands of perforations to outline them and a feminine bow at the vamp. There is an oxford version of these pumps, too.

For dressier wear, open toes are still much in evidence and patent leather remains queen. White or red pin striping appears frequently on the shoes, both to outline them and to decorate the bows at the toes. A gay patent-leather slipper has a loop high in back, through which you can put a matching ankle strap when you are in the mood. Incidentally, ankle straps turn up frequently on afternoon shoes, a good example being a glove-kid draped sandal that is wrapped around the back of the heel and ties high around the ankle, like this shop's bandanna shoe of a few seasons ago.

EVERY visit to the Mimi Shop at Wanamaker arouses new wonderment of a how-do-they-do-it kind. The establishment features odd sizes, from nine to seventeen, for little women and young ladies; it offers not only the temporal monkeyshines that you used to buy on a whim and discard without a pang

"Fix it so it'll stream out behind, Pierre. I've been assigned to a motorcycle detail."

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BRAEMAR See your favorite sweater now... in that luminous, undyed color, the natural look all fashion is buzzing about... Braemar blonde, as flattering as pale fur, and as delicious to put next you. Still they come out of Scotland, these Shetlands spun of tenderest wool, fluff soft as kittens. Wear it with checked brown slacks or your best tailored suit. The slip-over, 14.95; cardigan, 16.95.

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but also practical, forever-and-ever clothes at low prices. There, right now, you'll find quantities of beautiful suits, most of which have equally wonderful topcoats designed to go with them. Prices for both coats and suits run from $19.75 to $35. Look at a suit in bright or dark wool that has a jacket which is trimmed with appliquéd bands and fastened with jewelled buttons.

One suit, despite being called Hot Lips, has no more nonsense about it than the fact that its curved pockets have red linings—most attractive; otherwise, it's just a good-looking navy twill suit which has silver-metal buttons and cries out for the reefer that matches it. If you like either suits or topcoats with attached capes, you'll admire some in navy twill that have shoulder-length capes on which strips of the same material have been used as braid. You'll also find lots of Shetland suits in bright or pastel colors, made with convertible collars on their boyish jackets, and a choice of four topcoats to go with them, ranging from double-breasted box coats with pearl buttons to fitted reefers. They are $19.75 apiece.

NUMEROUS very smart women of my acquaintance who are as canny about pennies as they are meticulous about their appearance achieve a custom-made look by means of a very simple double play. They buy good models at sales in the best houses and take them to Betty Fields, at 55 West 42nd Street, to have them fitted and adjusted—perfectly and at a very low price. Miss Fields has both taste and skill; her talent ranges from the turning up of a hem or a cuff to practically remaking the most elaborate coats. She is also a good person to see about refurbishing a wardrobe that may have to do extra duty these days, or for correcting that costly mistake you made last year. . . . Ann Haviland has a new lily-of-the-valley toilet water which is lovely and authentic and on the sweet side (Saks-Fifth Avenue). . . . Schiaparelli's haunting Sleeping now comes in an eau de cologne, encased in a candlestick-shaped bottle with a flame-shaped stopper. Despite its name, it should keep any man within range awake. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

All-American—Last Drops

UNTIL recently, when I did some sampling around among the wines made in South America, I had paid almost no attention to them for some years and I expected to find that the

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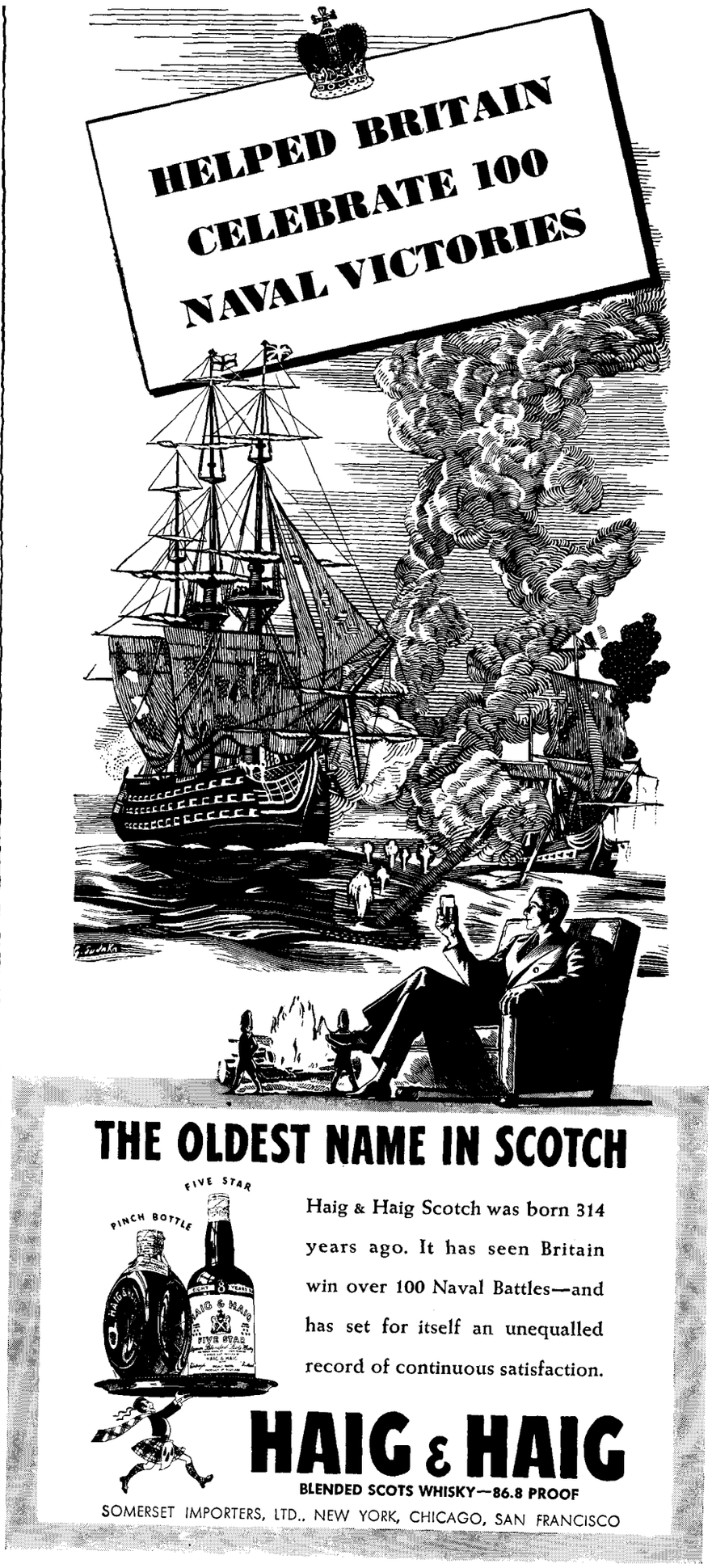
situation down there, as everywhere else, had changed while I had my eye off it. Actually, it hasn't; we are getting much the same vintages from below the equator as we were before France dropped out of the picture. However, although South American wine-making is not greatly different, our own needs are. Before the war, when France was sending us plenty of pleasant château-bottled Bordeaux and sound little Burgundies for under $14 a case, it was hardly to be expected that there would be any passionate interest manifested here in South American wines, which were frequently not as good as the French and usually cost more. Now that such modest French vintages are no longer available, it is very much to our advantage to renew an acquaintance which seemed hardly worth cultivating a few years ago. Most of the items I am about to mention can be found in any good Manhattan liquor shop; the prices given are approximate.

There will not be any disagreement, I think, except maybe among the patriots of Argentina and Brazil, with placing Chilean wines at the top of any list of South American vintages, and among the Chileans three wines, to my taste, are outstanding. These are a San José Riesling of 1934 at $17 a case, an agreeable, fresh wine with a delightful *désaltérant* quality, and two Santa Rita Gran Vino (one red, one white) of the same year at $16, which have considerable distinction and a recognizable family resemblance to the wines of Bordeaux. There is also a white Undurraga Rhin of 1935 at $15.50 that is very pleasant and a Santa Rita Semi Dulce of 1934, which costs $15.50 and is the best imitation of Sauternes that I have found on this side of the Atlantic. Among the red Chileans, besides the Santa Rita I have mentioned, there is a Conchali Gran Vino of 1936 that is nice, clean wine at $15.50 and a Conchali Especial at $12.50 which is adequate enough for everyday drinking. Although as a rule I much prefer red wines to white, I find the white South Americans usually superior to the reds. There is an excessive blandness about the southern red wines which may be counted in their favor by some people, but to me even the best of them lack body and character. I have too slight an acquaintance with Spanish wines to make any general comparison between them and the South Americans, but the Spanish reds that I am familiar with have the same exaggerated softness as the red Chileans and Argentines.

In the matter of South American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CELEBRATE 100
NAVAL VICTORIES
THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH
FIVE STAR
PINCH BOTTLE
Haig & Haig Scotch was born 314 years ago. It has seen Britain win over 100 Naval Battles—and has set for itself an unequalled record of continuous satisfaction.
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Spring Comes to China

. . . . grass grows green on the graves of more than five million war-victims . . . . and in the mountains and plains the bones of the unknown and the unnumbered bleach in the sun and the rains. Spring comes to China in her fifth year of war . . . . the homeless prowl among the ruins . . . . the sick and the wounded will be moved into the sun . . . . two million war-orphans will be learning strength and courage . . and, most important of all, how to live without their parents. Spring comes to China. And with spring, the stepped-up fury of Japanese bombings.

* * *

There will be more homeless . . . . more starved . . . . more orphans. But the Chinese will also be *fighting* this spring, fighting furiously and well their battle, and our battle . . . .

Will you help these Allies? Your help reaches them surely and quickly by unblockaded routes overland, by plane, by swift cable exchange of credits.
Give today! Give generously!

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NATIONAL CHINA WEEK
APRIL 12 TO 19—GOAL $7,000,000

champagnes, Chile again gets my vote. This is not to say that the various *cuvées* of even the Valdivieso brand, which I rate among Chile's best, can stand up against a good growth champagne of France, but certain of them are pleasant and clean-tasting, and that means a lot when you have sampled as many syrupy champagnes as I have. It is the extra-dry *cuvée* of 1931, at $4.20 a bottle, that I find superior to the other Valdiviesos, although the *brut* at $3.75 is good enough for a cocktail.

Two pleasant white wines from Argentina are the non-vintage San Felipe, which would be something to rave over if it succeeded in living up to its quite remarkable bouquet, and the Rio Negro Cos d'Aramon of 1937, about which the same must be said ($16.50 and $12, respectively). There is also a red Delor Argentino of 1937, at $13.90, that has some of the qualities of a fair Médoc claret, but this again does not fulfill the promise of its bouquet.

RIGHT here at home we are beginning to make very creditable imitations of some of the famous European liqueurs. A 100-proof kirsch put out by the Arrow Distillery in Detroit is certainly a lot better than I ever thought a domestic brand of this useful cordial would be, and, for that matter, it is better than some of the kirsch we used to import. If its manufacturers hope to have it catch on, though, I fear they will have to smarten up its very ornery-looking label, which must put a lot of people off. You will find this liqueur at M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd); Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st); and Bloomingdale. Then there is also a Triple Sec, made by the DeKuyper Company in New Jersey, which is very close to authentic Cointreau, and the same company makes a quite satisfactory crème de menthe.

HAVING lingered in such conscientious detail over relatively small matters, I wouldn't blame you for not guessing that I have been saving a perfectly magnificent surprise for last. Even in normal times the purchase by one firm of the entire wine and spirit reserves of the United States Lines would be an important event, but right now, with the supply of European imports what it is, the putting into circulation of such an enormous quantity of fine vintages is nothing short of a blessing. This is exactly what M. Lehmann is up to, and the concern will be ready to make deliveries of its acquisitions by the middle

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So popular with lovers of good food that we've doubled its size. New decorations but the same fine service and moderate prices. Delightful private dining rooms at your disposal.
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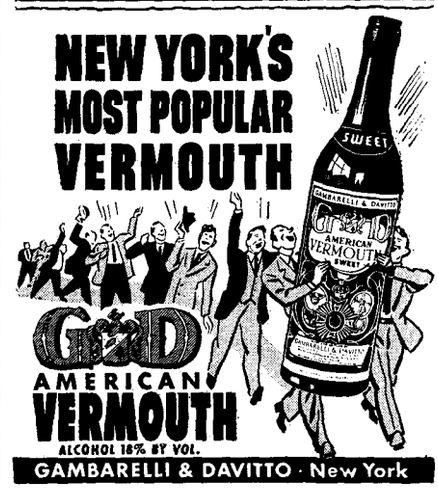

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of next week. The collection represents the stocks of the steamships George Washington, Manhattan, and America and makes available more good wine than anybody could have dared hope to see in one cellar before the end of the war. Reading the labels of the champagnes alone is enough to make one a bit dizzy, what with the number of great names. A Piper-Heidsieck 1928 is $65 a case and Lanson Père & Fils of 1928 is $62, which will give you an idea of the prices. Among the clarets, I did not find many bottles of the great 1929 vintage, but there are plenty of the 1934's. A Château Lafite-Rothschild of that year is to be had for $37 a case. The whole collection, including a lot of German wines and some very fine American and Scotch whiskeys, is much too large to report on adequately here. It ought to be, and undoubtedly will be, investigated lovingly and at first hand by many. —S. H.

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

(EAST RIVER ENTRY)

[*Opinion of the Honorable Marcus B. Campbell, United States District Judge for the Eastern District of New York, in Petterson Lighterage & Towing Corp. v. Tug New York Central #32, printed at pages 178-79 of the Transcript of Record on Appeal of this case*]

As I have hereinbefore stated, no experiment was needed to show that when the #32 backed out of the slip between piers 34 and 35 with the two carfloats in tow, the sterns of the carfloats were carried down by the tide close to the outer end of pier 33 perhaps to a point 25 to 30 feet off as estimated by the stern lookout on carfloat #52, but as the #32 with her tow straightened up, and as she was swinging the tug and her tow were carried down and out in the stream toward Brooklyn by the ebb tide, and no expert testimony is needed to show this, nor can any expert testimony convince me to the contrary, not as common knowledge, but as it is clearly shown by the testimony in the instant suit, because with the stern of the #52 but 25 to 30 feet off pier 33 when the #32 stopped backing out, if the #32 and her tow swung on a pivot the stern of the #52 would of necessity have struck the pier end, which everybody agrees it did not, therefore, while swinging the #32 and her tow must have gone out in the stream toward Brooklyn and I am further convinced that the stern of the carfloats must at the time of the collision have been much further off the pier ends than the original distance of 25 or 30 feet estimated by the stern lookout, who had left the stern of the #52 and gone on the stern of the #32, and who estimated that the stern of the tug was about 50 feet forward of the sterns of the carfloats and that the pier end was 70 or 80 feet from the stern of the tug.

Wonderful, new, sheer make-up by

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3 little drops do the trick!

1 *SMOOTH ON 3 DROPS OF NEW TRANSLUCID FOUNDATION-TONE*...lightly over your face and neck. Tinted to accent the natural beauty of your skin, this new make-up base will give a smooth, soft velvetiness . . . a sheer perfection that will last for hours!

2 *TRANSLUCID FOUNDATION-TONE NEEDS NO BLENDING* on the skin...goes on evenly, without streaking. And it holds Translucid Sheer-Sifted Face Powder as if the two preparations were one . . . so that the soft coloring *glows through.*

Perfect make-up for a busy woman!

3 *SELECT THE SHADES OF FOUNDATION-TONE AND FACE POWDER* created expressly for your skin tone . . . $1.50 each (excluding tax).

Complete your make-up with Houbigant Translucid Lipstick . . . Cream or Compact Rouge . . . Mascara . . . and Eye Shadow.

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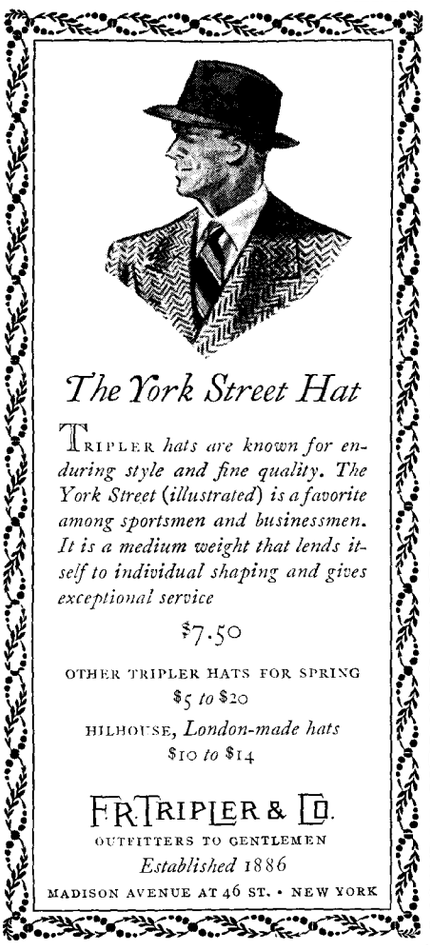
COLCOMBET

THE ARMY LIFE

XV—CHANGE OF POST

WHEN a civilian who is being shifted from one branch office of his company to another arrives at his destination, he is apt to be taken in hand by some brisk junior executive and shown the lay of his new land. In the Army, when a soldier arrives at a new post he does not receive any formal orientation, and might become irretrievably lost were it not for the fact that all Army camps are, accommodatingly, pretty much alike. When, recently, after completing my period of basic training as a selectee, I was sent from Camp Croft, South Carolina, to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where I am at the moment, I was pleased to find that I had little trouble getting around. My mess hall in the latter camp was an unmistakable replica of my mess hall in the former (and provided more or less the same food), the juke box in the Post Exchange was equipped with the same garish lights and the same rollicking tunes I had been trained on, and one Carolina, all in all, seemed just about like another. Civilians changing their habitat, moreover, sometimes have to devote time to acquainting themselves with the conversational idiosyncrasies of their new associates. Privates are luckier; they can be quite certain that first sergeants the country over will use the same quaint language.

Shortly after I arrived at Bragg I received a letter from a girl I know in the Middle West whose hobby is reading books about Army camps and sending pertinent extracts to friends in the armed services. She enclosed a stimulating passage from some volume about Bragg describing it as a post noted for a dazzling variety of sporting facilities, among them golf, polo, tennis, hunting, fishing, and swimming. I mused on these attractive possibilities from time to time for a couple of weeks until, not having seen any of them materialize, I finally decided that the author did not have soldiers in mind when he drew up his appetizing recreational brochure. Another author who has covered the subject of golf at Bragg is Westbrook Pegler, who, after an inspection of the camp several months ago, composed a column in which he drew an intricate analogy between a set of golf clubs and a soldier's arsenal, arriving at the interesting observation that a rifle's function is similar to that of a putter. While taking hikes around the reservation, however, my buddies and I have seen



The York Street Hat

TRIPLER *hats are known for enduring style and fine quality. The York Street (illustrated) is a favorite among sportsmen and businessmen. It is a medium weight that lends itself to individual shaping and gives exceptional service*

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Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.

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enough small game to convince us that the hunting here would be excellent except for the fact that we are never issued ammunition for frivolous purposes. Numerous cottontails have bounded impudently across our path, apparently realizing that we are without authority to shoot them, and from time to time some of the Manhattan-bred soldiers among us have gasped with amazement when they discovered deer tracks in the soft white sand indigenous to this locale. Some of these same cosmopolites, aware that Coney Island is on the sea and that Fort Bragg is a good hundred miles removed from it, have concluded with false but sincere logic that the sand had been brought inland by the Army just to make them feel more at home.

WHEN filled to capacity with soldiers, Fort Bragg has an astonishingly large population, almost equal to that of the Yankee Stadium during a holiday doubleheader, but the place is so vast and sprawling, covering some hundred thousand acres, that many of the people living here have not the least notion of who their neighbors are. Some of the oldest inhabitants are as sure they will never visit its most distant parts as some New Yorkers are that they will never get as far north as the arrowhead collection of the Museum of Natural History. When I got to Fort Bragg, along with twelve hundred other infantry replacements, the camp was practically deserted. We were supposed to join the Ninth Infantry Division, but the Ninth had gone off on maneuvers, evidently forgetting in its haste to leave the butler a note about our arrival. Disembarking from our troop train, we suspected at once that something was amiss when we failed to hear any music; arriving at Army camps, we had previously always been serenaded by a band. At the station, an officer appeared from somewhere, looked worriedly at our party of twelve hundred, and remarked, "We didn't expect so *many* of you." Quickly recovering his poise and military bearing, he lined us up in columns of twos and marched us toward some dark and gloomy barracks, into which we deployed, fifty at a time.

I found myself in a building which belonged, according to signs in it, to a quartermaster battalion. This surprised me, because I had always thought of the Quartermaster Corps as something strictly inanimate, wrongly considering it to be a term covering warehouses and supplies but not men. After a while somebody started a fire in the furnace room, somebody else dug up a mess ser-

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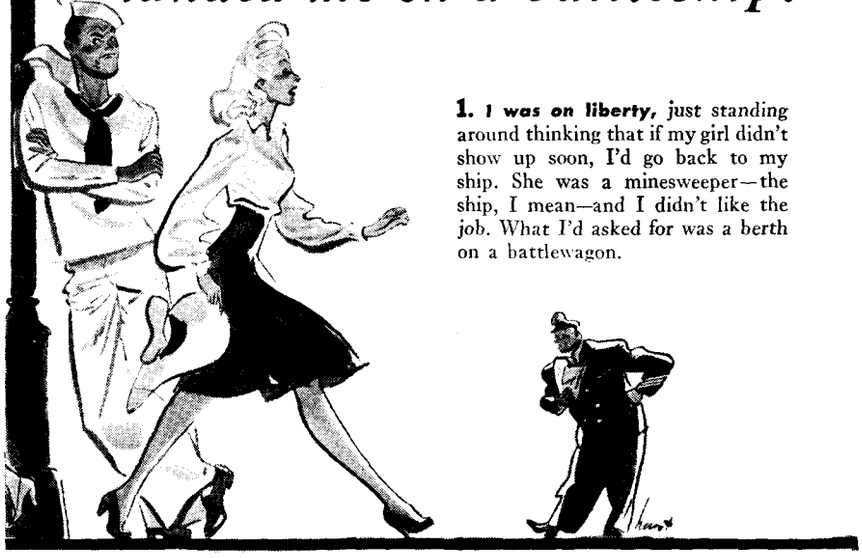
"A guy with 24 doughnuts landed me on a battleship!"



1. I was on liberty, just standing around thinking that if my girl didn't show up soon, I'd go back to my ship. She was a minesweeper—the ship, I mean—and I didn't like the job. What I'd asked for was a berth on a battlewagon.

2. A Chief Petty Officer came up and said: "Sailor, do you like doughnuts?" "He's crazy!" I thought, not knowing whether to run or try to hold him for the shore patrol. But . . ."It's this way," he explained.

3. "The ladies in this town make doughnuts for sailors." He waved a big bag of 'em. "A dame pressed a couple of dozen into my hands, but I can't eat 'em," he claimed, "because they're no good without coffee!

4. "And I can't drink coffee," he went on. "The caffein in it keeps me awake!" Just then my girl showed up. "Betty," I said, "this C.P.O. can't drink coffee! Let's educate him!" So we headed for Betty's kitchen.

5. Betty brewed the finest pot of coffee I ever washed doughnuts down with! "It's Sanka Coffee," we told him. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep anyone awake!" He looked doubtful . . . but he drank three cups!

6. Later, I'm transferred to a battlewagon! And here's this C.P.O., telling about how Sanka Coffee lets him sleep . . . and how he was so grateful he spoke a good word for me when my application for transfer came up.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Make Sanka Coffee *strong*. Use a *heaping* tablespoon per cup. If percolator is used, "perk" Sanka Coffee a little longer.

TUNE IN . . . . . **"Duffy's Tavern,"** starring "Archie," Duffy-on-the-telephone, and Shirley Booth. The most talked-about new show on the air . . . laugh-spangled and studded with fun. Every *Tuesday night*. See your local paper for times and stations.

geant, who heroically unlocked a kitchen and began to heat up and dispense frankfurters and beans, and still somebody else, probably a quartermaster, came around and gave each of us a blanket, for which, despite the unsettled nature of things, he was careful to see that we signed a receipt. After a while longer a noncom appeared to assign some of us to K.P. duty for the next day, and we knew, after all, that the Army hadn't forgotten us.

THERE were only a few notices on the bulletin board in our barracks and most of these were two-month-old movie schedules, but we found one interesting document posted there. It cautioned us not to stroll around the country at random, pointing out that the woods were full of dud artillery shells, which it would be inadvisable for us to kick around. Even though the Ninth is an infantry division, there are artillery units in it; there are also a number of other artillery outfits at Bragg, all apparently strewing duds in the paths of rookies. Having only a vague idea what an artillery shell looked like, we assumed the worst and, even while walking along on approved highways, took every suspicious object we saw to be a container of dangerous and highly combustible explosives. We were straightened out a few days later when, after a five-mile guided hike to an artillery range, we were privileged to witness a demonstration of 155-mm.-howitzer target practice. It was an impressive spectacle to us infantrymen, who had theretofore never been so close to anything more robust than a 60-mm. mortar shell, a comparatively puny object. My enjoyment of this unusual barrage was slightly dimmed by an enthusiastic soldier beside me, who, at every rocking blast of a howitzer, would nudge me sharply with his elbow, point to the sky, and yell, "See it? See it?" I eventually gathered that he was referring to the missiles zooming through the air. Being unable to see them at all, I kept honestly answering in the negative until it dawned on me that it would be simpler, and less wearing on my ribs, to tell a little white lie. From then on I had a fine time. As the guns roared, I engaged in a bit of nudging myself and turned my head from side to side, peering at what I judged might be the actual course of the shells and looking as omniscient, I hoped, as a sportswriter claiming to have seen the full progress of a quarterback sneak during the closing moments of a football game played in the rain.

—Pvt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

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THE RACE TRACK

Warming Up

AS I've complained before, our racing season begins too casually. Bowie did have a flag-raising this year, though, which was an encouraging sign. It seems that Donald Hay, who runs the pari-mutuel there, bet the management last autumn that his department would handle more money during the fall meeting than Pimlico had. If he won, a fine, high flagpole was to be put up in the infield. Well, he did, and it was. Jamaica, however, really ought to be able to stage a better show than that: a small parade down the homestretch, say, with floats presenting the Horse of the Year, the Man Who Thought the Daily Double Was Just a Dubious Experiment, and similar tableaux vivants. It might also be a good idea to have Mayor LaGuardia throw out the first bad race—or maybe just Frank Erickson.

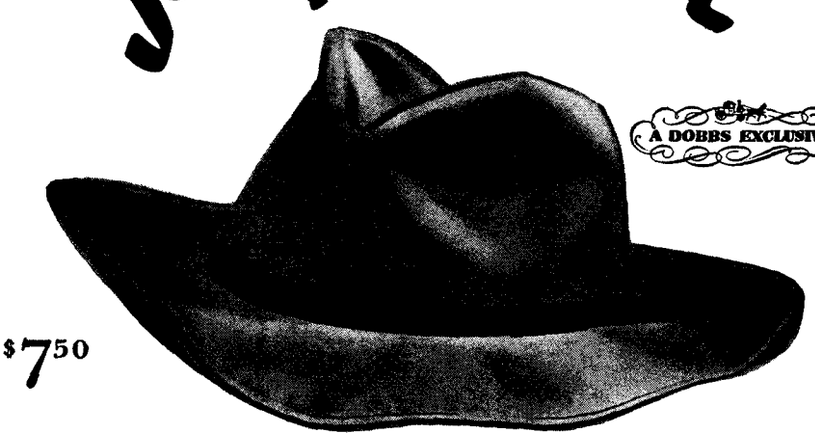
BEFORE Bowie opened last Thursday, *The Little Green Sheet*, which keeps Baltimore horseplayers posted, told its readers, "General Manager Joseph A. Farrell is very busy these days crossing his fingers and hoping for spring weather." His preoccupation with this matter seems to have been a jinx, for a snowfall postponed the opening a day. Old Guy Bedwell, who took time off from training to grab a yardstick, said the snow was twenty-two inches deep in front of his stable. Last Thursday, however, the sun shone, the loudspeaker blared, and the largest opening-day crowd Prince George's Park ever had bet like mad on all eight races.

When you discover a horse that runs well at Bowie (and not all horses do), it's wise to stick to him. Such a one is Cape Cod, who won the Rowe Memorial and the Bowie Handicap last week. If he wins the Southern Maryland this weekend, he'll bring off a feat of consistency unequalled at this track. Even that old Bowie standby, Bunga Buck, couldn't do it. Cape Cod, who is by Bostonian, is one of those not-quite-top-class handicap horses. Tony Pelleteri bought him as a yearling and won the Bouquet Stakes with him when he was two. Later that season, Cape Cod was claimed by Victor Emanuel, who raced him with moderate success until he was claimed, about a year ago, by G. C.

DOBBS Hats

SPRING TONIC

Jolly Rounder



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that smacks merrily on the tongue

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese

Many a man simply *dotes* on sharp cheddar with his after-dinner coffee. So wise is the woman who discovers "Old English", Kraft's Process Cheddar. It *always* has the same sharp flavor, and always melts smooth for savory Welsh Rabbits that warm the very cockles of a man's heart. Sizes: 2-pound loaf; ½-pound package.

BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS

TIME TO *Cool Down*

...Gossard is an old hand at making non-elastic foundations . . . and we don't mean ironsides! Gossard's new JOBS are now "About Town" . . . and are they COOL numbers!

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*
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Greer, Jr., his present owner. Incidentally, one of the horses Cape Cod beat in the Rowe Memorial was Emanuel's Omission, who most of the spectators thought would win the race for the second year in a row.

It seems that every spring some new jockey find, or what everybody believes is a jockey find, pops up at Bowie. Last week it was a young apprentice named Charlie Wahler, who rode one winner at the opening, three the next day, and two on Saturday—all at good odds. Wahler, who is nineteen, comes from Philadelphia, which is unusual; jockeys from Philadelphia are as rare as jockeys from Brooklyn. Last winter Wahler rode in Lower California and did rather well. Although he isn't exactly another Meade, his development is going to be worth following. It's interesting that his tutor is F. J. Baker, who, as you've probably forgotten, handled Jim Dandy, the famous 100–1 shot winner of the Travers Stakes twelve years ago.

THE managements of the New York tracks, confident as can be of their hunch that everybody is going to bet more than last year, when the handle reached the fabulous total of $133,982,574, have scheduled their longest season. If attendance and betting at Bowie were any indication, they've guessed right, too. Weekends at Jamaica are going to be delirious, from all the plans one hears. This Saturday some of the more important three-year-olds will come out for the Experimental Free Handicap; the Excelsior will be run on April 18th, by which time Mioland and others will be up from Miami; and the Wood Memorial, which should give you ideas about who will win the Kentucky Derby, will be run on April 25th. Colonel Martingale, coming out from under his sun lamp, suggests that you follow all the horses trained by Fitzsimmons. You can't go far wrong on that.

NOTE OF OPTIMISM: The automobile-parking space at Jamaica has been enlarged. —AUDAX MINOR

•

CONJUGATION

The morning bird avers
That, for this song of hers
From the mortal bough,
Time present and to be
Are one eternity,
And all is now.

—DAVID MORTON

Miss Your Winter Cruise This Year?

Then, more than ever, an early Spring cure at Saratoga Spa suggests itself. The airy rooms, deft service, and country-home cooking at The Gideon Putnam will delight your soul. There's the Spa's famous "Restoration Cure" for overstrain, and the special cures for heart conditions, rheumatic or digestive disorders, or obesity. The curative waters will make you feel years younger. Smart worldly companionship, and diversions, aplenty, too...The hotel is privately operated, E. C. Sweeny, *Lessee*—R. I. Scoville, *Mgr.*...Spa booklet and Spring rates on request.

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LOOK FOR NEW LABEL *Same Mushrooms Same Quality*

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"*Such Enthusiasm!*"

I never dreamed when I ran my last little ad in the New Yorker that I'd get nearly 100 letters asking for my free book. You can't tell me *now* that New Yorkers aren't interested in body-building and physical-culture. The war effort demands that we all get into tip-top shape—whether we're air wardens, desk workers, or victory gardeners! So step right up—who else wants a FREE copy of "Everlasting Health and Strength"? Address: CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 75R) 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

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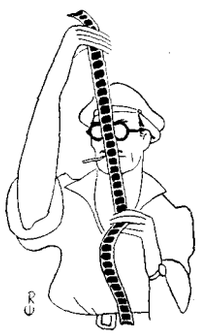
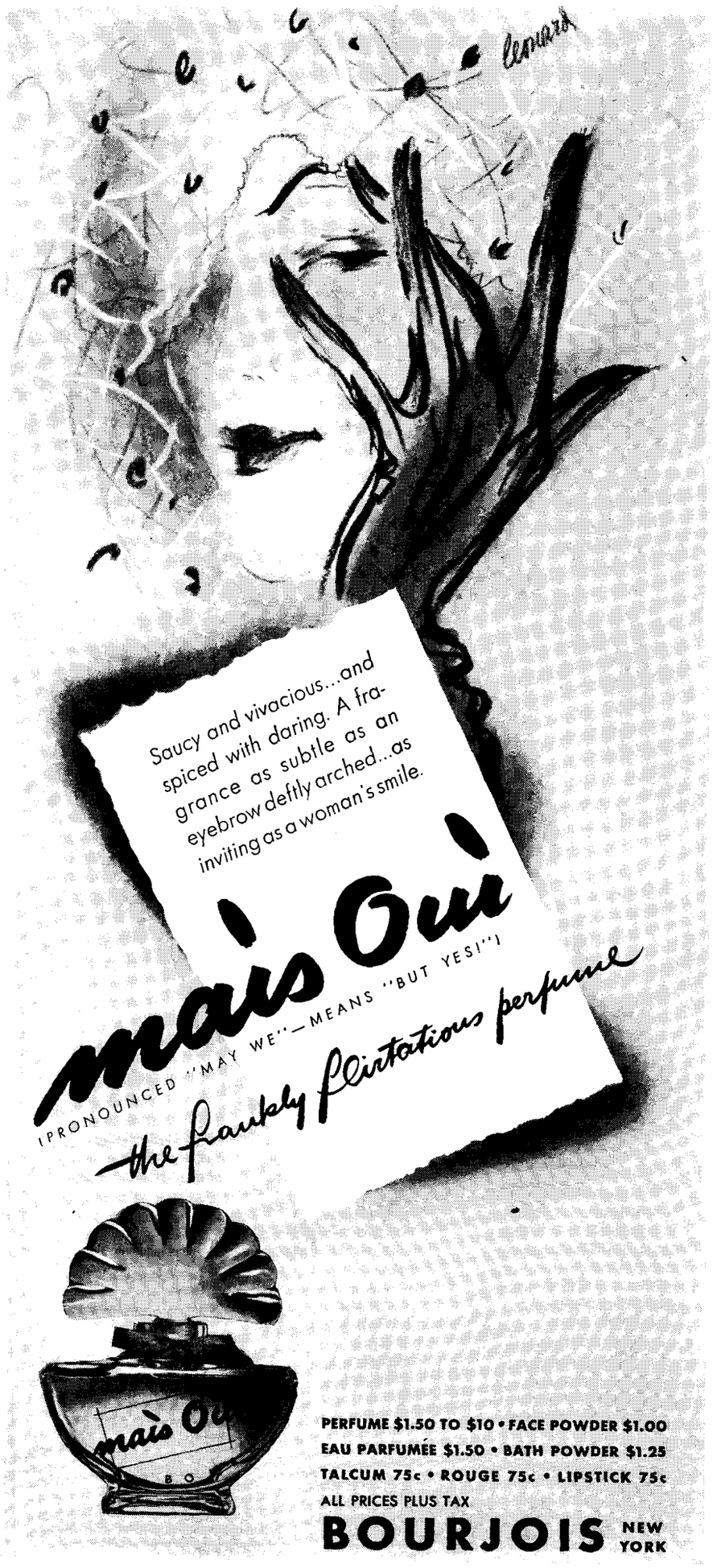
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blitz and Burbles



IF you have not yet seen "Churchill's Island," you had better pull yourself together and look it up, or you will find yourself hopelessly behindhand. For now comes another of the series, the whole series being called "The World in Action," and the new picture, running just less than twenty minutes, is, I should say, even more exciting and overwhelming than the first. "This Is Blitz" serves to give us closer, more intimate views of battle fronts, of the attacks of parachute troops, of the devastation of cities (Belgrade, Rotterdam, Warsaw), than any newsreels that I have seen so far. Again much of the value of the picture depends upon the extracts from the German films which have somehow been captured or confiscated. German cameramen are not coddled, evidently, or protected. They must go at their job regardless, and the result is the best photography of actual warfare that we've had. There are, to be sure, along with the stolen alien films, important shots of our own side, of British destroyers and the great underground English munition factories, yet the sensational or startling incidents that flavor the whole affair are clearly from the enemy.

FOR complete escape from the war and thoughts upon it, Alexander Korda has contrived a lush, Technicolor business entitled "Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book." This very specific title is somewhat misleading, for in spite of the presence in the cast of a Mowgli and a Kaa and a Shere Khan and so on, the story seems far more suggestive of the Tarzan series than it does of the Kipling classics. Indeed, it is a kind of nursery Tarzan, with a handsome python and a magnificent black panther, and a large assortment of other beasts of the wilderness all about, and little Mowgli, quite like Weissmuller, swinging from tree to tree. Sabu, the Mickey Rooney from the Ganges, has a very good time as the human child adopted by the wolves and known to all the wild beasts as being of them, though he has a considerable lot more to do with human


Saucy and vivacious...and spiced with daring. A fragrance as subtle as an eyebrow deftly arched...as inviting as a woman's smile.
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the frankly flirtatious perfume
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EAU PARFUMÉE $1.50 • BATH POWDER $1.25
TALCUM 75c • ROUGE 75c • LIPSTICK 75c
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the Slip that can't Slip
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folk than in the book, there being even a part for Joseph Calleia and for a youthful Patricia O'Rourke, who introduces a suggestion of romance. Literary people can gather at once by these hints that the film wanders from the great Rudyard's simple fancy. Young people of today, with their peculiar modern training, may enjoy the plot and accept also the dark-green jungles, the animals, the ruined city, with its treasure and its python, and the alert hero.

WALLACE BEERY brings us back again to the war. I imagine Mr. Beery will be in uniform practically throughout the duration, quite as much as though he had been actually drafted. He makes an ideal sergeant, a relic of the last war, you know, and fuming now at the new tricks of today's Army. "The Bugle Sounds" is exactly the kind of thing for him and, with some thrills in a plot involving sabotage and blowing up a bridge, probably more exciting than many he is likely to illuminate. His followers will be glad to note that he is again glimpsed in those famous woollens of his, or flannels, or whatever they are, as it seems impossible to run any picture of Mr. Beery without showing the old gentleman at least once in his undies. There is a realism about the garments—Army issue, we suspect, from the last war. Marjorie Main adorns the sentimental passages and Lewis Stone is the dignified colonel. Mr. Stone, in fact, may also be seen often in uniform during this war, and certainly always in the higher ranks. The sabotage theme is old-fashioned melodrama with present-day trimmings, and is anyhow better than such small incidents of a teary nature as the old sergeant's love for his horse and how he has to shoot the poor animal. Mr. Beery in tears is an ordeal moviegoers should not have to experience. —JOHN MOSHER

•

Berry Sauce

1 cup crushed berries (strawberries or raspberries)
powdered sugar (optional)
juice of 1 orange
1 cup sour cream, whipped

Mix berries, sugar if desired, and fruit juice and chill thoroughly. Just before serving fold in the sour cream. Approximate yield: 2 cups sauce.

This fish cocktail is a novelty that will have to be tried to be believed! Don't ask how the lime juice cooks the fish, because we don't know. But it does. And the flavor is delicate and delicious.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Don't ask how the fish got there, either. Just accept it.

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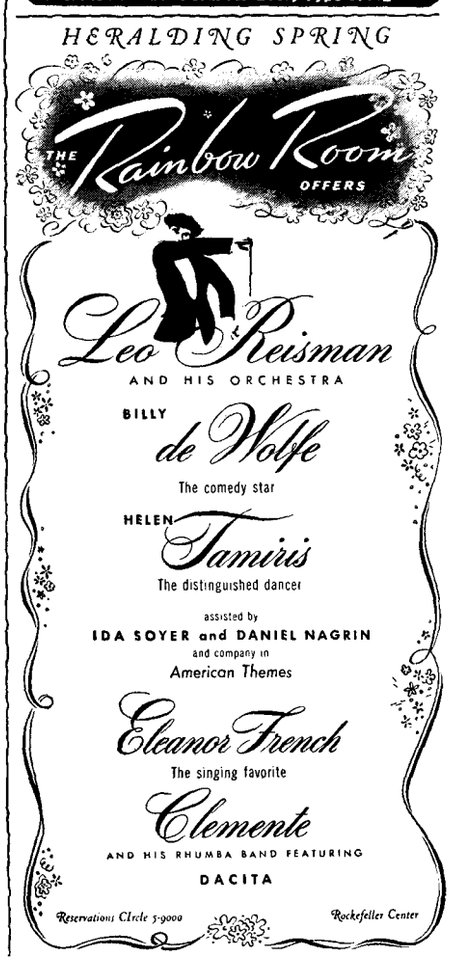

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PERFECTO

BECAUSE of the war and, more specifically, the tire situation, American tourists are scarce now in Mexico City. But the employees of the hotel in which I am staying are not worried about the lack of business; instead, they enjoy their new leisure. They sit about the lobby in the soft chairs, which used to be only for guests, and laugh and talk ceaselessly.

Perfecto Galvan, who has charge of the hotel's very small dining room, is aloof and solemn, but that's because it's his nature to be so and not because he's fretting over the war. Perfecto is lean, tall, dark, and sad-eyed, and has thick, wavy black hair. He himself serves you what he deems Americans want. Breakfast, for example, is a cup of thin coffee from the bottom of a Silex, pale toast, and a very small glass of icebox orange juice. Gracefully waving the Silex, Perfecto explained to me the first morning, "I am at the moment without an assistant."

After my fourth breakfast I did something I thought would make him dislike me for life. I asked for Mexican-style coffee, freshly baked rolls, and freshly squeezed orange juice. Perfecto produced all of them immediately. The juice was a tumblerful and my bill only three-quarters what I had paid before. As he removed the napkin from the rolls, he said, "If you need anything arranged, just tell me. I come from a wonderful family. My sisters are beautiful and married to important officials. My brothers *are* important officials." He made a gesture with his hands which included the dining room. "I do not have to work. I do this because it amuses me."

After I had thanked him and said I could think of nothing I needed arranged, he said gently, "Everyone needs something arranged sooner or later in Mexico."

AMONG the few guests at the hotel are a Mr. and Mrs. Bronson, who often breakfast when I do. They are from Minnesota. They always take the pale toast and the thin Silex coffee. As Perfecto fills their cups, he fixes his sad eyes on Mr. Bronson's bald head. Both the Bronsons are disappointed in their holiday. When I first saw Mr. Bronson, he gave the impression of having come especially to take home a set of Mexican tires. There were rumors of new regulations on taking tires out of the country and every day Mr. Bronson talked to several people who he thought ought to know the facts. Each told him a different story. Mrs. Bronson wanted to set eyes on King Carol and Mme. Lupescu.

She said to me one morning in a grieved tone, "We stayed at that night club, El Patio, last night till after one o'clock because they were expected, and then they didn't come. A table was reserved for them and other people waited, so they really must have been expected."

From his buffet, Perfecto said, "What a pity you didn't wait a little longer! They arrived at El Patio at a quarter to two."

"Why, how can you know that?" Mrs. Bronson asked.

"My sister is married to an important official at El Patio," Perfecto said.

A few days later Mrs. Bronson brought a book by Rex Ingram to the table, and as Perfecto served her, he said, "Rex Ingram is now in Mexico. He was at the Reforma last night, as were also King Carol and Mme. Lupescu." Mrs. Bronson gave him a quick, bright glance. "The King's position is very delicate in Mexico," Perfecto explained. "There is no one he can talk to. If he goes into a shop and wants to buy something, Madame has to do the talking, because a king cannot talk with a shop person."

"Holy cow!" Mr. Bronson said.

"Their position is not one to be envied," Perfecto said coldly, as he returned to the buffet.

"Just what does she look like?" Mrs. Bronson asked.

"Mme. Lupescu is not one to appeal to the ordinary taste," Perfecto said, "but I admire her very much. She wears beautiful clothes and very fine jewels."

"We might just as well have gone to the Reforma last night instead of hanging around the Ritz," Mrs. Bronson said to Mr. Bronson. To Perfecto she added, "Is there any way of positively knowing in advance where they'll be?"

Perfecto bowed. "I always know through my family. Tonight, for instance, they will go to the symphony concert." He turned to me. "I expect Rex Ingram will want to buy tires while in Mexico and will arrange it through my family."

Mr. Bronson gave Perfecto a glance packed with suspicion but said nothing. The following morning, however, when they came in to breakfast, Mrs. Bronson looked successful. "You were right," she said to Perfecto. "They were there! We sat not far from their box." Perfecto bowed gravely. Later, when he was in the kitchen, Mrs. Bronson said to me, "But I don't see why he thinks she's anything to look at. She came into the ladies' room while I was there and I saw her close up, and I think she dyes her hair. Also, she has a weak chin and she ought to wear a firm corset."

"That King looks as if he takes good care of himself," Mr. Bronson said.

Perfecto came back into the room. Mr. Bronson asked him grudgingly, "Do you really know somebody who will tell me the truth about taking home tires?"

"You wish to buy some?" Perfecto asked.

"Buy some? Anybody can buy them. I could buy hundreds if I had the dough," Mr. Bronson said irritably. "But can I take them out? One person says yes, the next person says no. I want to know the truth."

"The truth is not important," Perfecto said. "It is merely something to be arranged. I give you a small note to a brother-in-law who is in the Immigration Department. He gives you another note to a customs official on the international bridge at Laredo. You pass right through. Your car is not inspected."

"That might get me past the Mexican customs," Mr. Bronson said, "but what about the Americans?"

"The Americans?" Perfecto looked astonished. "But naturally the Americans need tires badly and would want you to bring in all you can."

"That sounds reasonable," Mrs. Bronson said.

"I don't like any of it," Mr. Bronson said.

Mrs. Bronson reminded him that Perfecto was right about the King's being at the symphony concert.

Mr. Bronson turned to Perfecto. "What does it cost me?"

Perfecto waved both hands. "But that is for you to decide. A few American dollars to my brother-in-law, if you wish; a few pesos to the man on the bridge. It is of no consequence."

"It's fishy," Mr. Bronson complained later when I met them as I was leaving the hotel. "It's crooked. Besides, I'd feel like a fool if they took the tires away from me at the border. You know what? I'm going to see the American Consul."

NEXT morning, Mr. Bronson spoke indignantly to Perfecto as he marshalled out their usual break-

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IVORY TIPS — PLAIN ENDS — BEAUTY TIPS (red).

fast. "See here, you ought to be careful what you advise people to do about tires. Do you know what really happens at the bridge now? Well, when you get past the Mexican customs without an inspection—if you do—the Americans examine your car inch by inch and even take the numbers on the tires. If you've bought any new ones in Mexico, they confiscate them. See? If they're on your wheels, they take the wheels off and leave you on your axles. That's what really happens. You might have let me in for a lot of trouble if I hadn't had a hunch to go see the American Consul."

Perfecto made no reply. He served the Bronsons as graciously as ever and then stood beside his buffet.

When they left the room I had not yet finished, and Perfecto said, "There are some people for whom it is impossible to arrange anything. I have gone to much trouble. I have already spoken to my brother-in-law in the Immigration office, and he was prepared to write a note to the man at the international bridge. And then he goes to the American Consul!" Perfecto shrugged. "Why didn't he go to your Ambassador if he had to go to someone, and then possibly the Ambassador would have arranged for a diplomatic license to take him through the American customs, and with my brother-in-law's letter to the Mexican customs—ah, but what is the use? There are some people for whom it is useless to try and arrange anything." —Frances Crane

•

Scientists explored far below the surface in the world of chemical and physical phenomena, rearranged metallic crystals and chemical molecules, and balanced such divergent forces as surface tension, surface activity, adhesion, cohesion, slowed-down evaporation and stepped-up penetration.

Eleven years later they emerged with their reward—the Parker "51" Pen and "51" Ink.—*From an adv. in The New Yorker.*

Emerged dripping?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the News*]

At least two houses of prostitution have been running wide open since the Stockade was closed in January.... When the Stockade was operating, only girls carrying a Police Department white card could operate in the district. When it closed, about 40 girls were thrown out of work. Dr. Caples commented at the time:

"It is regrettable that there is no social agency to aid these girls in finding new employment—they have served the community long and faithfully."

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THE ART GALLERIES

Renoir, Max Ernst, and William Gropper

RENOIR was born in 1841, so he was fifty-nine at the start of this century, an age when men in many professions begin to think seriously of retiring and taking up golf, or even cribbage. But painters, for some reason that I have never yet had credibly explained, seem to keep their faculties longer than most people, and Renoir, that astonishing man, was one of the longest-lived of them all. He lived on until 1919, and since he painted almost literally until the day of his death, a full third of his active artistic career lay within this century.

A good many people don't like his work of the years after 1900, but I am not among them. Admittedly, as the man grew older his mind lost in some degree its flexibility and breadth of vision. He was past his maturity; undeniably there was a decline, and as a result there is nothing in these later years to compare in sheer brilliance and organizational power with such earlier masterpieces as the "Déjeuner des Canotiers" or the superb "Moulin de la Galette." His brushwork grew a little more ragged, too, and his palette more limited. He had passed through what might be called his blue period and his green period; now his color grew hotter and ruddier. Reds and browns predominated, and the flesh of those once pearly nudes of his took on lurid tints that partly suggest sunburn and wind-weathering and partly seem meant to evoke a sense of the hot young blood beneath. The old Limousin was returning to his own hardy peasant background, and I sometimes suspect that a good part of the dislike many people feel for the later paintings rests in a subconscious rejection of the sheer carnality they display.

There was, too, a sense of haste and of concentrated effort. More and more his interest centred on the figure, more and more his treatment of the rest of the composition tended to grow brusque and vague, till at the last one has the feeling that in a way he was painting against the onrush of death itself and hurrying to get the main matter of each subject which occurred to him down on canvas so that he could go on to the next,

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and the next, before his time finally ran out.

All this arises in connection with the show of his works dated 1900 and after at Durand-Ruel, and I find I have left myself little to say about it now that wouldn't be merely repetitive. Not a big exhibition, it is still a remarkably comprehensive one, and the twenty-one paintings included cover the main course of this period of his work about as thoroughly as could be desired. There's a "Baigneuse, Femme Couchée" of 1903, very cool and green and linear in treatment, to serve as a reminder of his earlier style. There is, too, a group of landscapes and still lifes—most particularly the small, charming "Lisière de Bois"—to show how warm and fluent his treatment of nature could be.

However, the principal interest of the show is in the procession of nudes and figure studies, each one bolder and broader in treatment than the last, from the closely knit, tender "Femme Brodant" of 1900 to the "Femme à la Mandoline" of 1919, in which the background is only a swirl of color and the body of the woman alone has weight, but such weight and solidity as even he rarely achieved in his earlier paintings. This canvas, and the "Jeune Pâtre au Repos" and the "Baigneuse Assise" as well, may startle and shock a little by their pagan intensity. But they prove that right up to the very end the old man had guts.

AT the Valentine, they are showing paintings, mostly recent, by Max Ernst, in his first full-size exhibition in this country. This, I think, is work that deserves close study, and not only because it represents the extreme expression of the theory of Paris surrealism; it also embodies about as direct an expression of the subconscious, through the artistic impulse, as can be achieved in paint. What I mean, if I may try to rephrase that last remark somewhat less cabalistically, is that Ernst comes about as close as is possible, artistically, to getting the actual stuff and substance of

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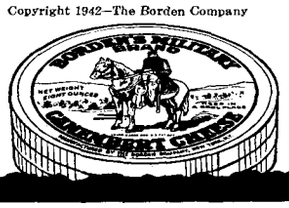

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dream imagery on canvas, and his faults and virtues, in consequence, are pretty much those of the whole subconscious school of surrealist art.

The faults, to my mind, are mainly textural, and the harsh and metallic quality in the paintings is peculiarly repellent. Once one gets past the surface, however, there's a kind of nightmare evocativeness about the work that is curiously compelling, and in some of those queer, swampy landscapes of his, filled with vague, spongy growths and amorphous figures, one seems to be staring straight into the deep, troubled, dangerous world of dreams. I liked particularly the oddly monumental "Napoleon in the Wilderness," as well as "The Painter's Daughters," with its three coral-crusted girls and wholly extraneous horse, and the truly miasmal "A Maiden's Dream About a Lake." The show closes this Saturday, and it should be seen.

WILLIAM GROPPER is having his annual exhibition of paintings at the A.C.A. Twenty-five new oils are in this affair, plus a number of water colors—not a bad year's total for a man who is kept busy turning out political cartoons and lithographs besides—and, as usual, they offer a commentary on the world's ills and the world's struggles that is as quick and forceful in its impact as it is immediate in attack. It seems to me, too, that Gropper's painting technique has improved considerably. His oils, in the past, looked too often like drawings filled in with colors, but he seems now to be using the pigment as it should be used—to give roundness and body to his forms. He has also broadened his color range, adding reds and other warm tones to the rather drab greens and yellows he used to affect, and in general his command of the medium has increased immeasurably. Best of all in the current show, I think, are the little "Baker" (note how deftly the floury feeling of the dough on the mixing table is conveyed), "The Speaker," and the study of a wrecked Nazi plane called "Crashed." But there are excellent pieces throughout, and the show has a freshness and authority that his earlier work sometimes lacked. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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Lewis Gannett: "Mr. Davis knows his wilderness and his wilderness men."

In the Forests of the Night

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OF ALL THINGS

AS this is written, the British and the Indians are still in a deadlock. They had better settle this family quarrel soon; there's company coming.

•

The President hopes that somebody will think up a good name for this war. The title should be terse and expressive, yet fit to print.

•

It begins to look as if the Japs have reached the end of their easy victories in the Pacific. They are beginning to understand the saying "You can go farther and fare worse."

•

The Russian thaw has set in and the Nazi spring offensive will have to be postponed on account of wet grounds. The mud is probably the deepest it has been for a hundred and thirty years.

•

It is revealed that the statements of Martin Dies are highly prized in Berlin. Reports have it that he is rapidly becoming Hitler's second favorite author.

•

Jesse Jones promises that there will be an ample supply of synthetic rubber by 1944. Then we can all have tires for our cars if we still have any cars.

•

That long-threatened inflation has finally arrived. Toothpaste tubes are being used for money.

•

William Dudley Pelley, the Silver Shirtist, has been arrested by the F.B.I. and withdrawn from circulation. Many of us have long felt that the supply of Pelley was greater than the demand.

•

The Standard Oil Company and Charles A. Lindbergh have at last signed up with our team. We all ought to be glad to hear of the capitulation of these two famous holdouts.

•

The well-dressed man is now appearing in cuffless trousers. There is also a distinct trend toward tighter belts.

•

New Yorkers were interested to learn that the long strike at the Brass Rail Restaurant has been called off. The pickets will now go back to work greatly refreshed by their 1,165 days in the open air. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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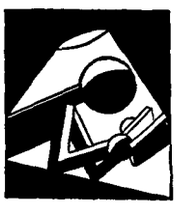
BOOKS

Italy, Islandia, England, Norway



THE initials S. K. conceal the name of a German who from May 23, 1939, to the late fall of 1941 worked, according to his own account, as an anti-Fascist espionage agent in Hitler's Mediterranean slave state. His book is called "Agent in Italy." He is now, I understand, in this country.

Candor is the last quality one expects from a secret agent. But there are so many baffling twists in S. K.'s narrative that a double ration of salt should be taken before reading it. S. K. represents himself as having been, during the thirties, the Reich representative of a large Italian silk company. During these years he was neither a Nazi Party member nor, it would seem, a convinced anti-Nazi. Early in 1938, in the course of an attempt to free a friend from the grip of the Gestapo, he got interested in releasing political prisoners in general. He found little difficulty, he tells us, in inducing Gestapo officials to wink at his activities, which resulted in the release of two hundred and forty-four men and two women. While he was working at this Scarlet Pimpernel hobby, he learned with the greatest of ease a good deal about the organization of the Gestapo, and he is pleased to tell you all he discovered.

Suspicion finally falling upon him, he was forced to emigrate to Italy. Once there, he found that Italians of all political complexions were just as loquacious as the Gestapo. In no time, S. K. was a trusted member of the anti-Fascist underground organization, followers of the tradition of Matteotti. This is all the more surprising because S. K. had apparently lived in Germany for many years without having established any record of anti-Fascist activity. However that may be, our silk salesman became an accomplished spy, enjoying the confidence of important anti-Fascists and getting much information from celebrated supporters of Mussolini.

I have no right to impugn S. K.'s authenticity. I merely feel that he is either omitting a part of his story or that his skill as a writer is unequal to the task of convincing readers of his complete honesty. This made clear, I should add that S. K.'s revelations about the condition of the Italians, the technique of the German invasion of Italy, and the personalities involved in the underground movement there are all of extraordinary interest, though each reader must set himself up as his own judge of their truth.

The author characterizes Italy as a state in a phase of unacknowledged civil war. Mussolini's prestige is low and getting lower. The depressed classes are enlarging in number. Food is bad and insufficient. A few big entrepreneurs, such as the picturesque Scalera brothers, road and building contractors, garner enormous profits. Within the shaky state structure, which S. K. says is still essentially capitalist, the hidden armies of rebellion recruit their forces. These fall into two groups—the moderate Matteotti crowd, who would like to establish a middle-ground republic, and the Communist-Anarchist faction, who plump for a clean sweep.

But the important factor in the Italian picture is neither the decaying Fascist state nor the developing revolutionary group. It is the Nazis. There are 418,000 Nazis in Italy, says S. K., and they run the country, or will soon run it. The Italians hate them but are helpless, because Hitler controls the shipment of coal to Italy. If his colony becomes refractory, he can simply shut off the supply of fuel. Fascism, therefore, has become merely a branch of the Nazi Party.

This is the central theme of S. K.'s loosely organized book, which, however, is also rich in bits of gossip, oddments of information, rumors, and anecdotes. These are less important but they make for good reading.

S. K. lacks the transparent honesty of Wallace Deuel, as well as his orderly intellect, but despite these deficiencies "Agent in Italy" is the nearest thing available to an Italian analogue to "People Under Hitler." For that matter, S. K. too could have called his book "People Under Hitler" without violating the facts.

EVERYTHING about the composition of "Islandia" is strange and even fascinating, which is more than can be said for "Islandia" itself. Austin Tappan Wright, author of the book and the land he wrote about, was a distinguished professor of law who died in 1931, aged forty-eight. Both his fath-

"Which Van Doren was it I enjoyed so much?"

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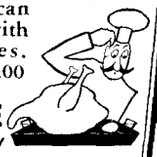

By FRANK CASE
ILLUS. By O. SOGLOW

THE POLISH WHITE BOOK

THE laws, decrees and regulations issued by German authorities in Poland from September, 1939 to May, 1941, compiled by the Polish Government-in-Exile. "These irrefutable documents appear more incriminating against the Germans than could any outsiders' *comments."—N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

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er and his brother also amused themselves by creating imaginary countries, an urge that must have been in the Wright blood, for Austin spent a large part of his adult life in an incredibly detailed mental creation of a land called Islandia. Most of us, as children, are our own Gullivers, but we give up these explorations as we fade into the light of common day. Wright never gave them up.

He must have lived in Islandia about as much as he lived in the real world, for he left behind him material on the subject almost unbelievable in its mass and completeness. There is in existence a manuscript of four hundred typed pages giving a historical account of Islandia, which, by the way, is in the South Pacific. Apparently it is as detailed as any actual history. In addition, there is a massive appendix volume. Probably neither of these will ever be published.

Moreover, Wright left a novel, about two thousand typed pages in length, telling of the adventures of John Lang, an American, in Islandia about 1910. Part of this fiction is now offered for our inspection under the title of "Islandia."

The book is assuredly one of the most remarkable examples of ingenuity in the history of literary invention. The detail is fabulous yet logical. Reading it, in no time at all you find yourself living in a country whose existence you accept as you would that of England or Japan (in the latter case, more willingly). Everything in Islandia is slightly different, but the differences cohere. These deviations are not a set of whimsies but a rigid system of life.

Once you have accustomed yourself, however, to the novelty of the book, you find yourself judging it by conventional aesthetic standards, and then it hardly stands up. Its hero is a prig, its heroines are tedious, the pace is languorous, the principal theme—the opposition between two Islandian political parties—is hardly absorbing. Geographically, Islandia is related to Erewhon and Lilliput. Spiritually, it is millions of miles from them, despite Wright's learning, taste, and inventiveness.

But as a literary curiosity, his semi-Utopia is undoubtedly worth your examination. There has never been anything like it before. The probability is that it will never have a successor.

THE clangor of our own century is now so deafening that the dim rumor of other ages seems almost inaudible. Perhaps all periods of falling empire

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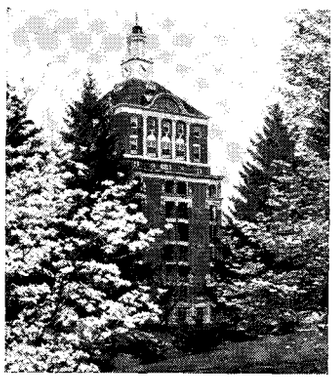

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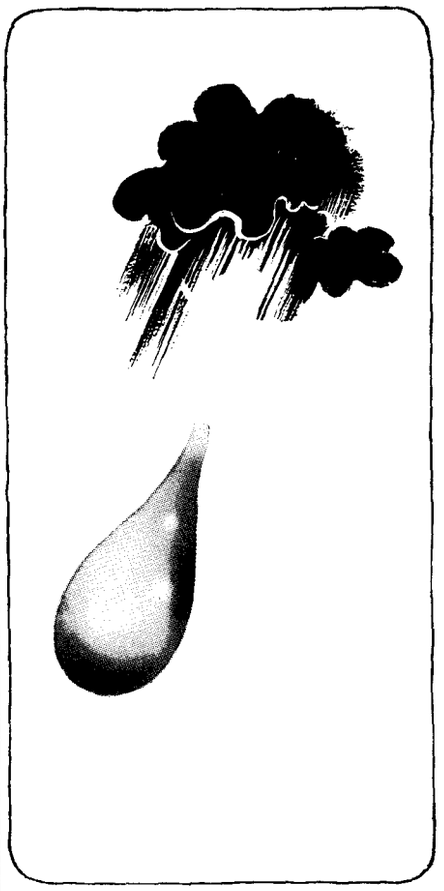
appear to their contemporaries insulated from the past, islanded in time. That is why the reading of history is so salutary these days. It serves at least to remind us that we are part of an endless pageant rather than bit players in a brief and bloody melodrama.

Such considerations may account for a fraction of the pleasure one takes in Louis Kronenberger's "Kings and Desperate Men." The remainder of this pleasure arises from the book's cool and unaggressive qualities.

Mr. Kronenberger's aim is to paint a picture, in reduced scale, of life in eighteenth-century England. He omits much, he condenses much, and other social historians will doubtless quarrel with his proportions. But on the whole I know of no book of comparable length that does this kind of job so intelligently, with such undeviating taste, and with so notable an absence of partisan spirit. Mr. Kronenberger does not go in for making bold and pioneer judgments. He would rather be right than startling. Yet there is a constant shimmer of independence about his view of the great wits and politicians and writers of the period. He never astonishes, but he rarely echoes.

Particularly admirable are his sketches of the too brilliant Bolingbroke, the heroic Marlborough, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Swift, the doughty Richard Bentley, George III and his tiresome court, Charles James Fox, and (best of all) Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole. But his hand is hardly less sure in the treatment of the tradesmen, the gin-fouled London populace, the gouty gentry, the Wesleyan convocations, the clubs and coffeehouses, the watering places and prisons. He is never merely picturesque, he is always thoughtful, and at times he is brilliantly witty. On occasion, though, he is a shade overfond of an elegant antithesis and a neatly balanced sentence.

THIS week a newcomer named William Woods challenges Mr. Steinbeck on his own ground. "The Edge of Darkness" is a heavily plotted novel about occupied Norway and the insurrection of the folk of Trollness against their Nazi masters. The usual clichés are present—the Norwegian girl who falls in love with the German soldier, for example—but on the whole the book is real and honest. Mr. Woods apparently actually knows something about the way in which underground resistance is organized and how England is managing to land small arms and even machine guns on the Norwegian



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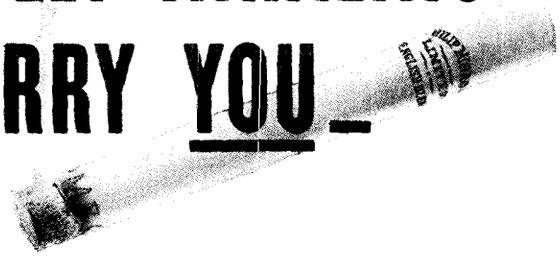

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coast. Furthermore, he refrains from noble speeches, preferring to let the actions of his fisherfolk and simple, heroic townspeople speak for themselves. No masterpiece, but a sound, stirring job of narration. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

VILLAGE IN AUGUST, by T'ien Chün, with an introduction by Edgar Snow. A novel of the Chinese Revolutionary Army, written by a Chinese soldier. This book is sharp, passionate, and convincing. It does not have much plot; it is more a series of scenes: an army on the march, fighting, arguing, starving, dying, an army not in the least military but made up of farmers and factory workers and men and women from small towns who are implacably determined to resist and repel the invader. An impressive piece of work.

FULL SCORE, by Frank Baker. Mr. Baker has chosen a hard subject. This is not only a novel about a genius, it is a novel about a musical genius, but the untidy, violent, proud hero of this interesting and intelligent book is convincing both as a man and as a composer.

HUGHIE RODDIS, by Gerald Savory. A compassionate tale of an idiot boy accused, without his understanding why, of a brutal murder. The vague mental processes of the idiot are well and convincingly handled on the whole, and the subject induces pity rather than revulsion.

WIND BEFORE RAIN, by John D. Weaver. This is a story, with the Shenandoah Valley as a background, of a young couple faced with the problem of leaving their worthless farm and trying town life and work in a factory. It seems impossible to write of the backwoods country without sounding like Elizabeth Madox Roberts, but at least Mr. Weaver's style is pleasantly strange and colloquial, and he makes you like his people.

BINDWEED, by Betty de Sherbinin. The silver-cord theme in the Argentine. The main character is a clinging, domineering mother who wants to possess not only her daughter but her son-in-law. The young man is killed while attempting a brief escape from his womenfolk, and his unhappy infant son is left to the care of its two doting grandmothers and its spineless mother. The South American background is interesting and the atmos-

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phere of suffocating affection is skillfully created.

GENERAL

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS. This volume contains little that is not to be found in his other books, except a few rather pointless literary reminiscences and some odd, vague stories of his early sexual life. Some may find a certain fuzziness in the writing, but the book has its charm.

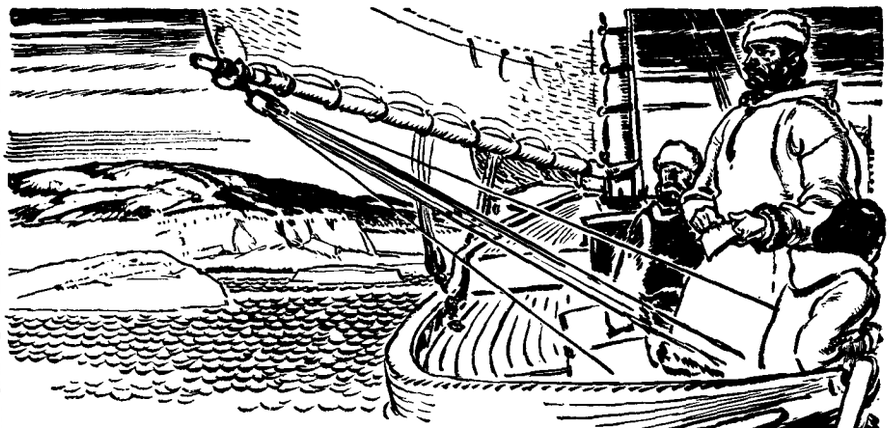
THE AMAZING ROOSEVELT FAMILY 1613-1942, by Karl Schriftgiesser. Annals of a notable American family—Dutch, of course, intertwined with Yankee, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Swedish, Finnish, German, and French strains—from Plymouth Rock and New Amsterdam through Gettysburg and San Juan Hill to Pearl Harbor. The author is occasionally careless with detail and sprinkles his "begat"s too thickly at times, but he weaves even the little-known earlier Roosevelts and in-laws into an absorbing chronicle, which he tops with an eloquent study of F. D. R. Full-bodied and thoroughly readable.

THE GOLDEN FLOOD, by Herbert Asbury. A seasoned explorer of city underworlds tells the story of the first great American oil boom in the western Pennsylvania field: "Colonel" Drake's well at Titusville in 1859, Coal Oil Johnny's exploits, the oil rushes to Pithole and Triumph Hill, Standard Oil's eventual domination of the field in the eighteen-eighties, and so on. Extravagant doings, recounted with both sense and gusto. Photographs and maps.

OLD MCDONALD HAD A FARM, by Angus McDonald. Portrait of the author's father, a wise, hard-bitten man of God who bought a rocky Oklahoma hilltop and nursed it into providing a comfortable living for his family. Good, shirtsleeves Americana, and lots of fun too. Pictures by Richard Bartlett.

THE COMING SHOWDOWN, by Carl Dreher. A successful businessman and engineer explains what has happened to our business system since the early nineteenth century, why he thinks it won't last much longer, and how we might organize a democratic collectivism. A hard-hitting, well-informed work, sharply written from a clear, neo-Veblenist viewpoint. Better have a look at this.

PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY, by Sean O'Casey. Second panel of the Irish dramatist's autobiography, which be-



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MYSTERY AND CRIME

ASSIGNMENT IN GUIANA, by George Harmon Coxe. Lane Morgan, a young Boston architect, is summoned to British Guiana by an urgent cable from his uncle. When Morgan arrives, his uncle has been murdered and he is plunged into the middle of an espionage plot. Tense and dramatic, and the stubborn Bostonian comes across with a clever solution.

WHO'S CALLING?, by Helen McCloy. When Archie Cranford, of the Maryland Cranfords, brings his fiancée, a New York night-club singer, home for a visit, his folks aren't too happy about it. The visit is marred by some disturbing events that lead to the murder of an unpleasant relative. Neatly told story that has almost everything, and it may make you wonder what your subconscious is up to.

DEADLINE FOR DESTRUCTION, by Charles L. Leonard. Paul Kilgerrin, an unscrupulous private detective of Los Angeles, is called to Washington by Colonel Mathewson of the Military Intelligence to investigate a sabotage plot. Kilgerrin, an irritating character, makes himself generally obnoxious but comes across with the goods at the finish. Tough and exciting.

NIGHT FREIGHT MURDERS, by Robert Fleming. A private detective is shot and killed at a national convention of police officers in Los Angeles. Simon Crole, investigator, uncovers more dirty work than you can shake a stick at before he solves the case. Sharp, lively tale put together with great cleverness.

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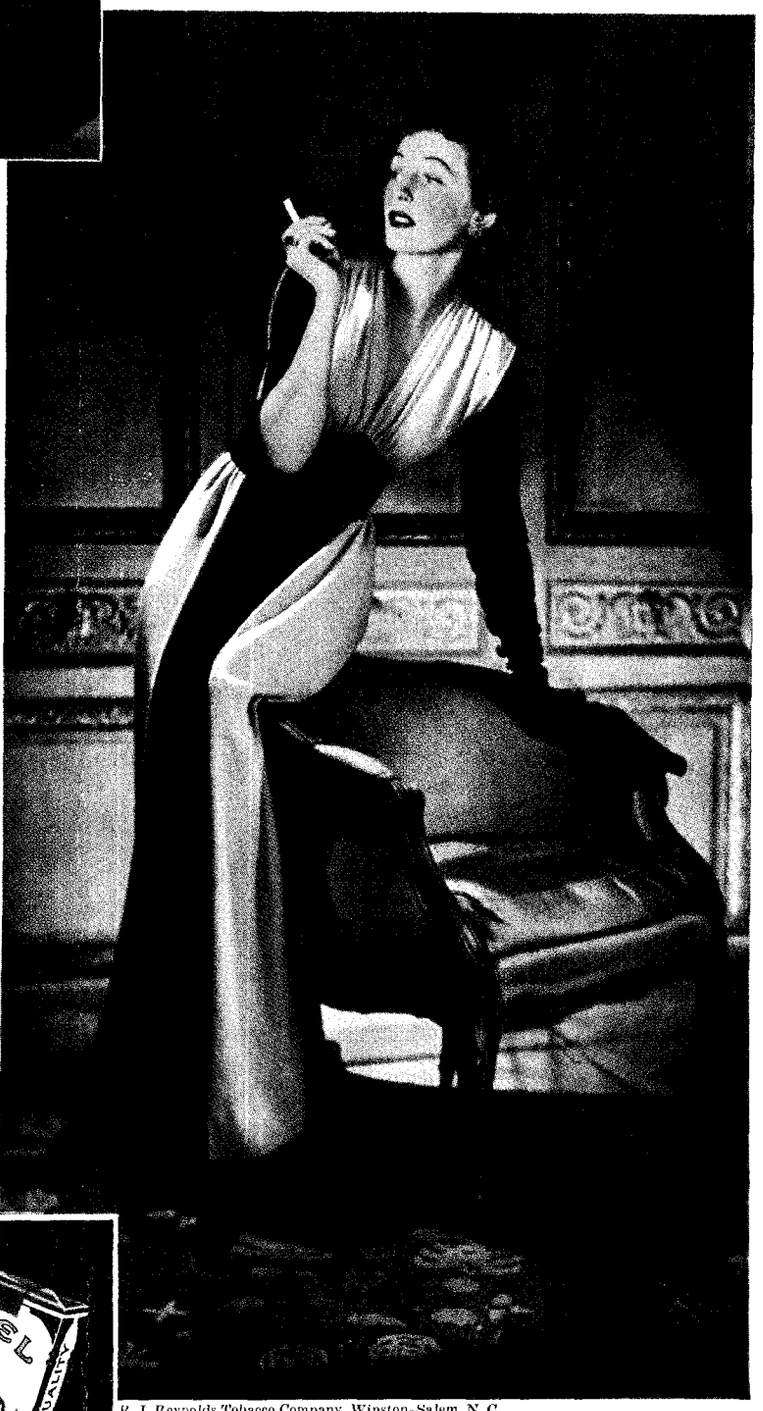

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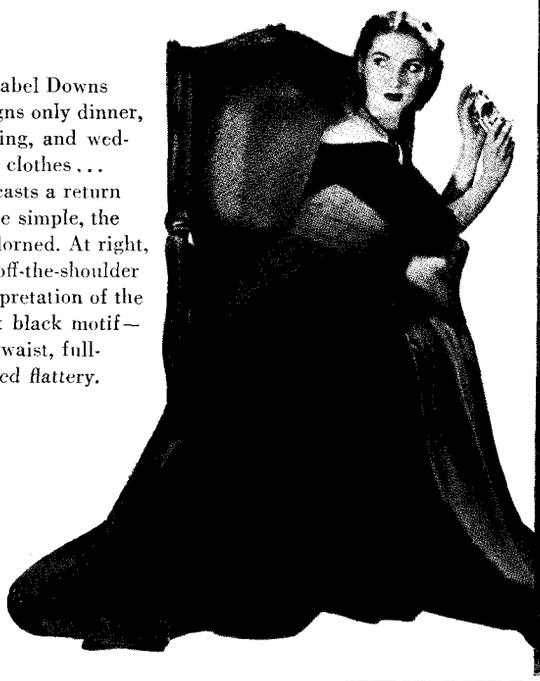

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